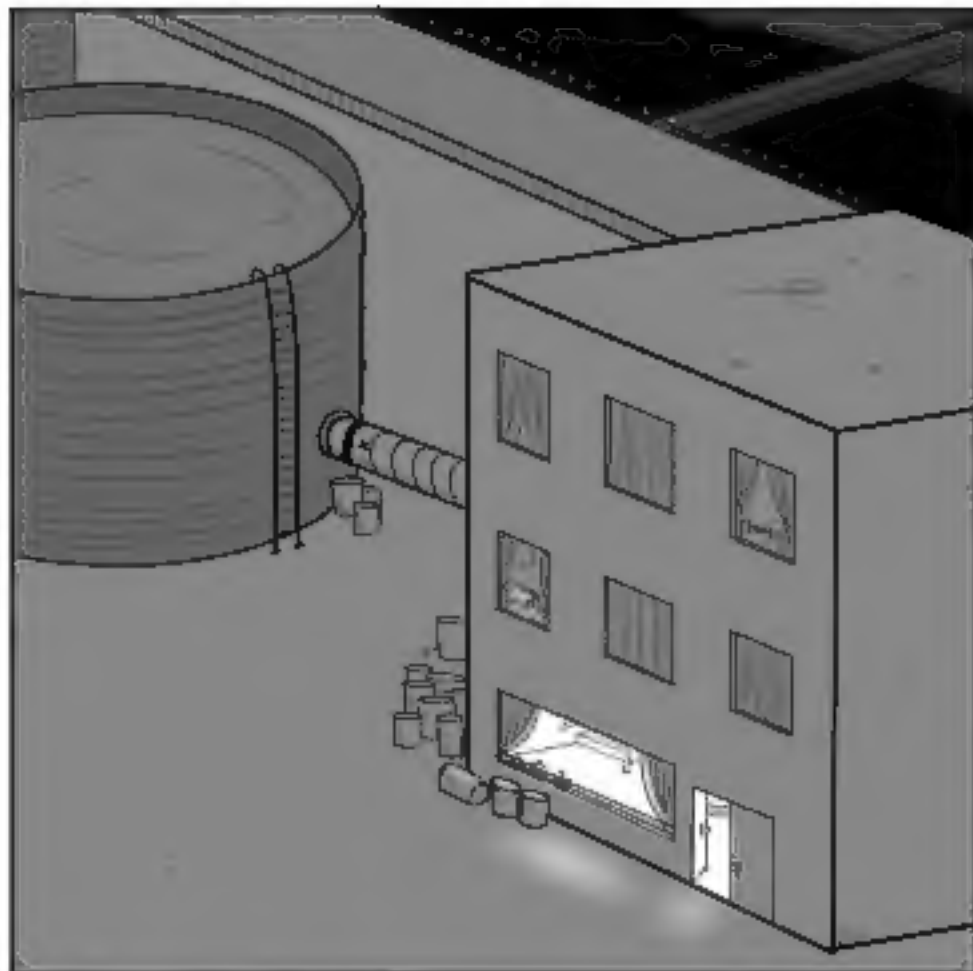


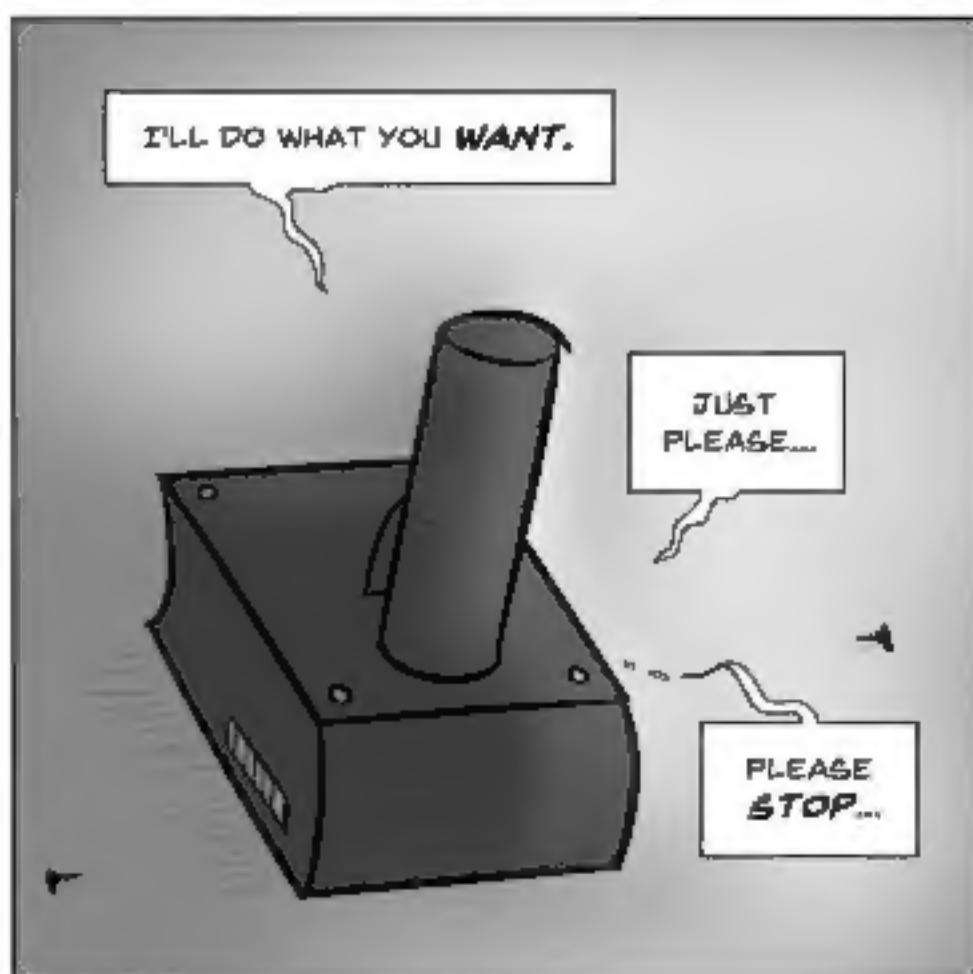
















AHH...THAT'S BETTER.



I COULD *FEEL* EVERYTHING GETTING LOOSE.

A DISCONNECT AND THERE GOES FOUR YEARS OF MY MEMORY IN A BLINK...

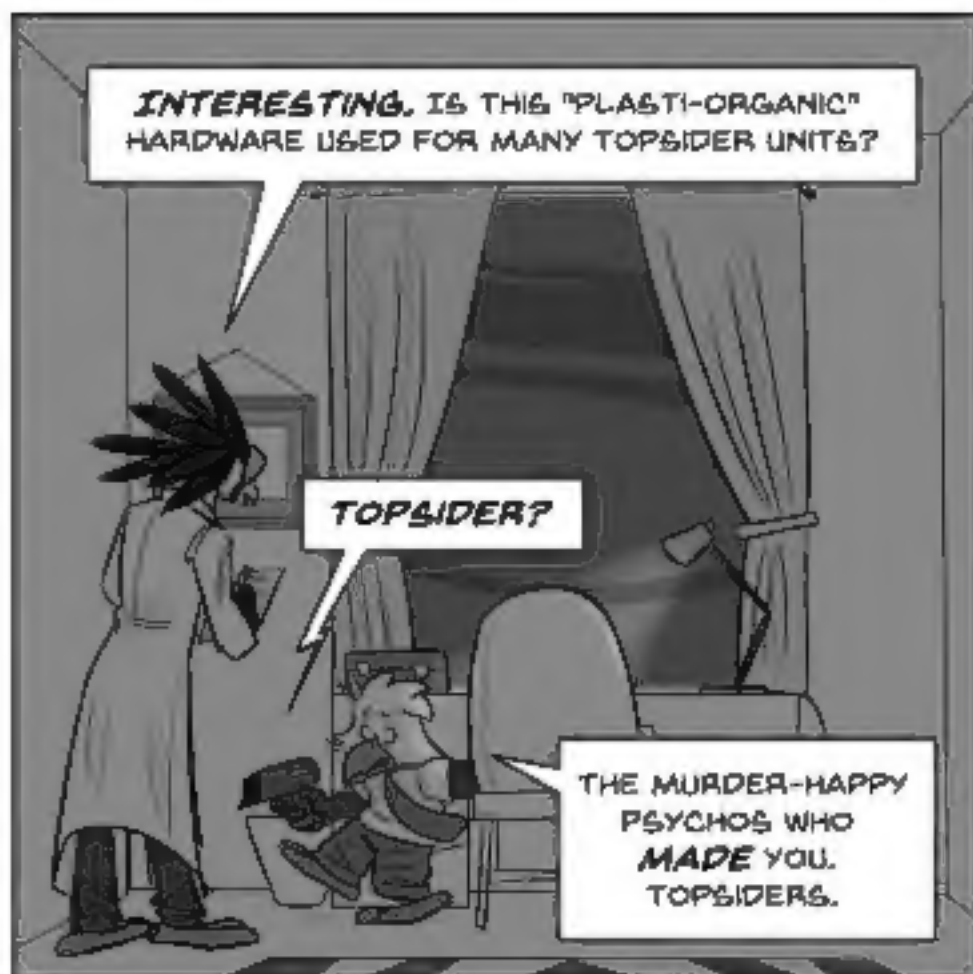


YOU FORGET WHAT YOU ARE JUST LIKE *THAT*?



I'M NOT *MADE* TO RETAIN MEMORY AFTER POWER DISCONNECTION, I'M JUST A GUN.

MAYBE IF I WAS A PERSONAL TRANSPORT OPERATOR OR EVEN A M.U.T.T. BUT *NOOO...*



ARTHUR...



WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
WHAT DO WE TELL
THE TOPSIDE
DELIVERY CREWS?

THEY HAVE A RIGHT
TO KNOW ABOUT IT...



I KNOW THEY DO, AND
THEY'LL HEAR IT, I PROMISE.

I JUST...

JEZIA...

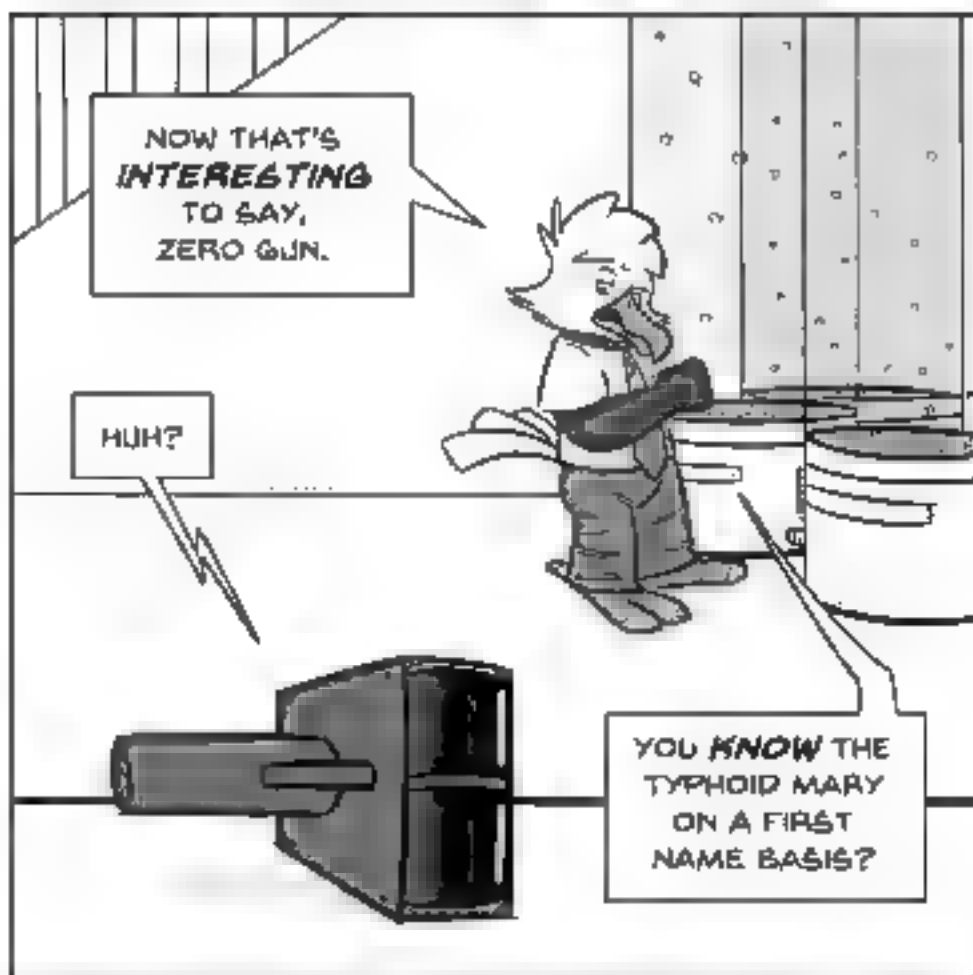


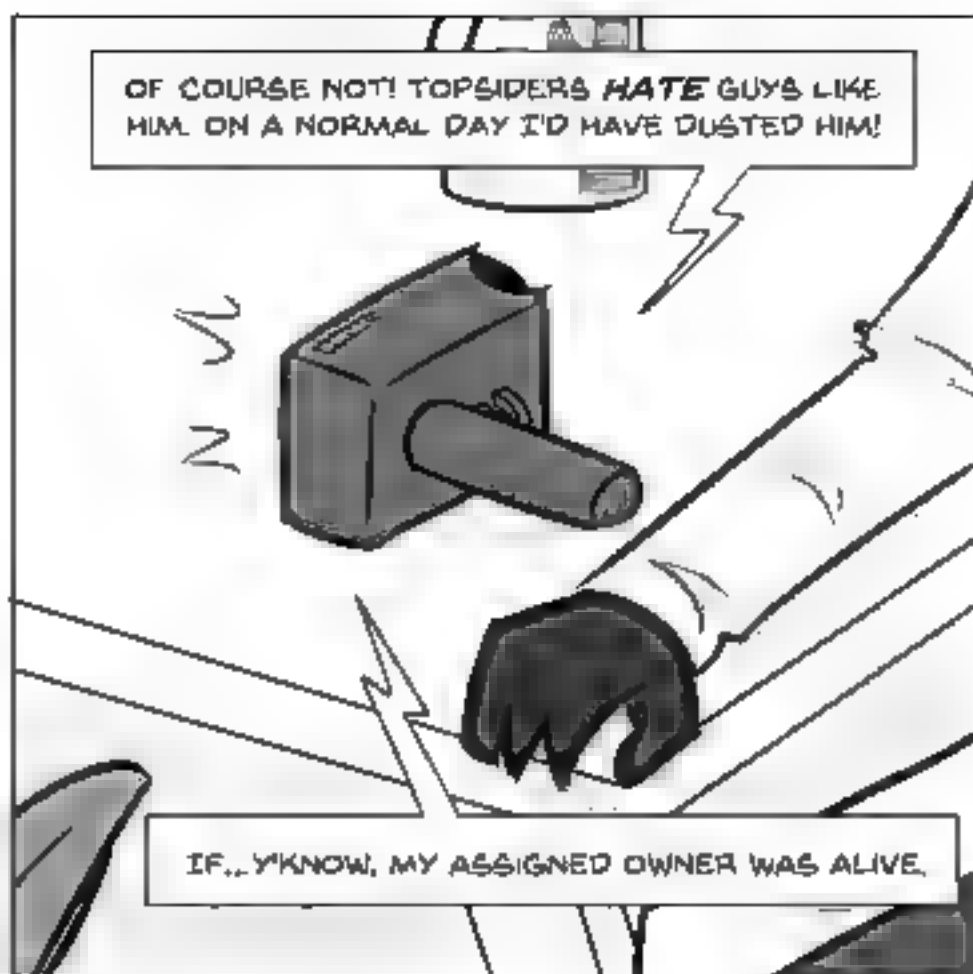
HOW INSANE DO YOU HAVE TO BE TO *JUSTIFY*
USING SAPIENT BRAINS AS COMPUTER CHIPS?!

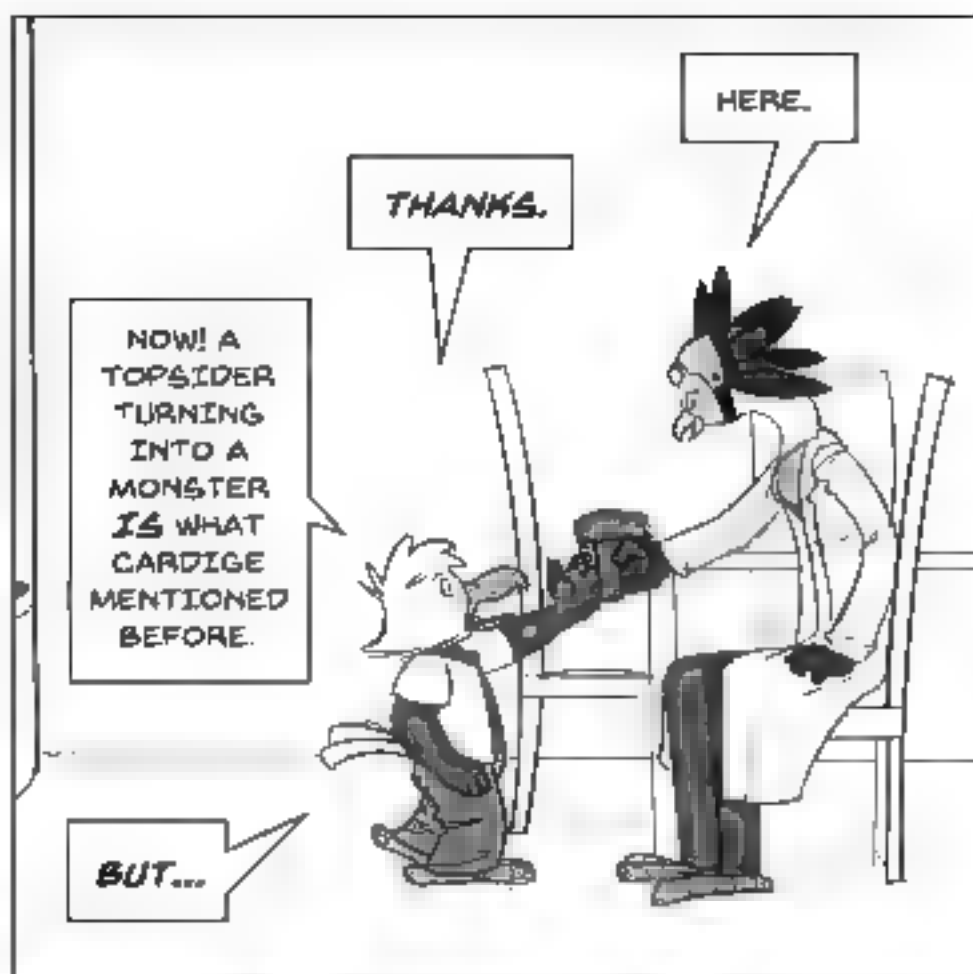


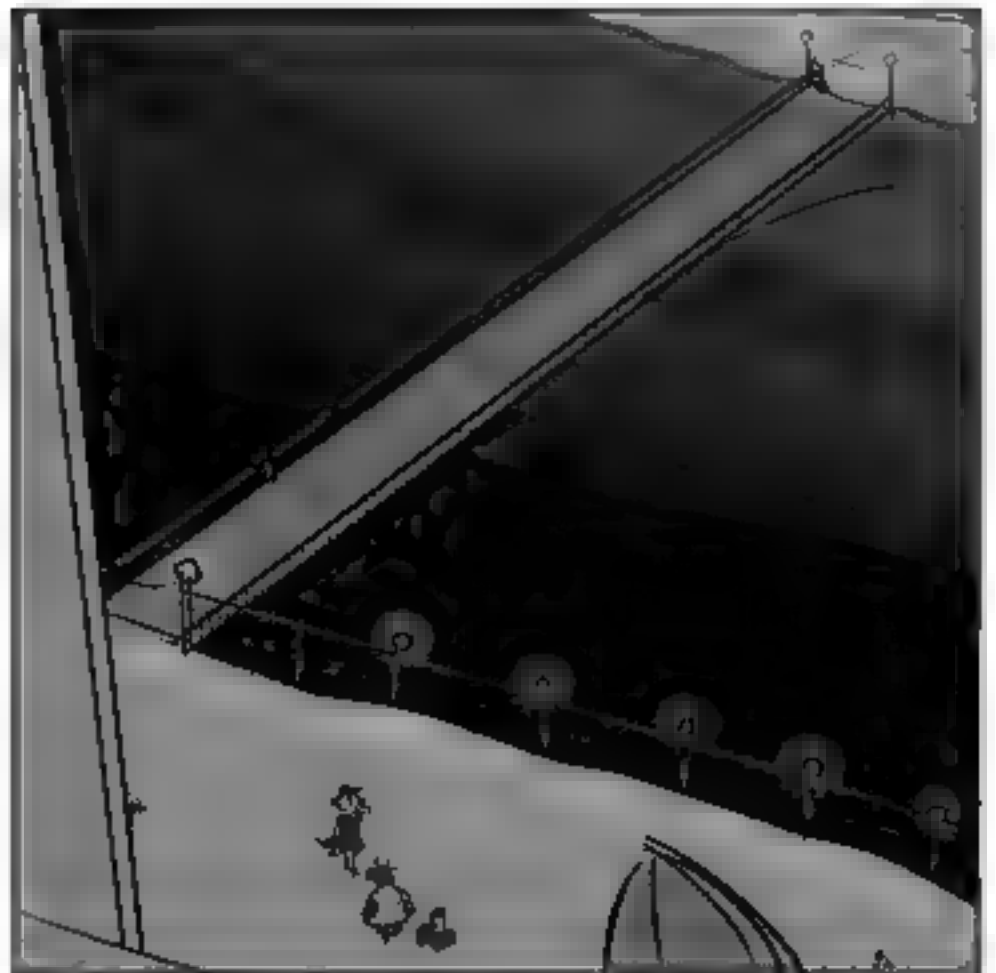
NOT *ONLY* ARE THEY KILLING US BUT THEY RIP
OUT OUR BRAINS TO POWER THEIR TECH TOO?!

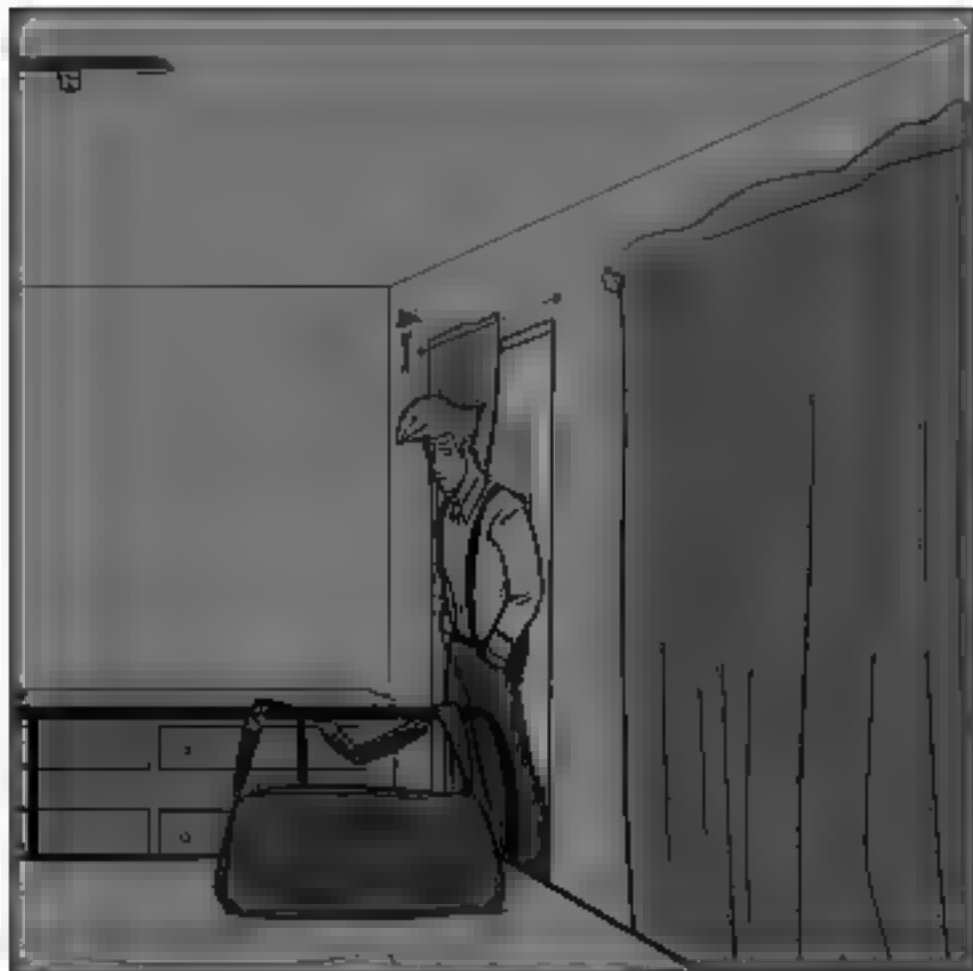














NOW THAT AIN'T VERY NICE OF YOU, CARDIGE!



HMPH! I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS
WITH THE REST OF THE STUFF OUT HERE...

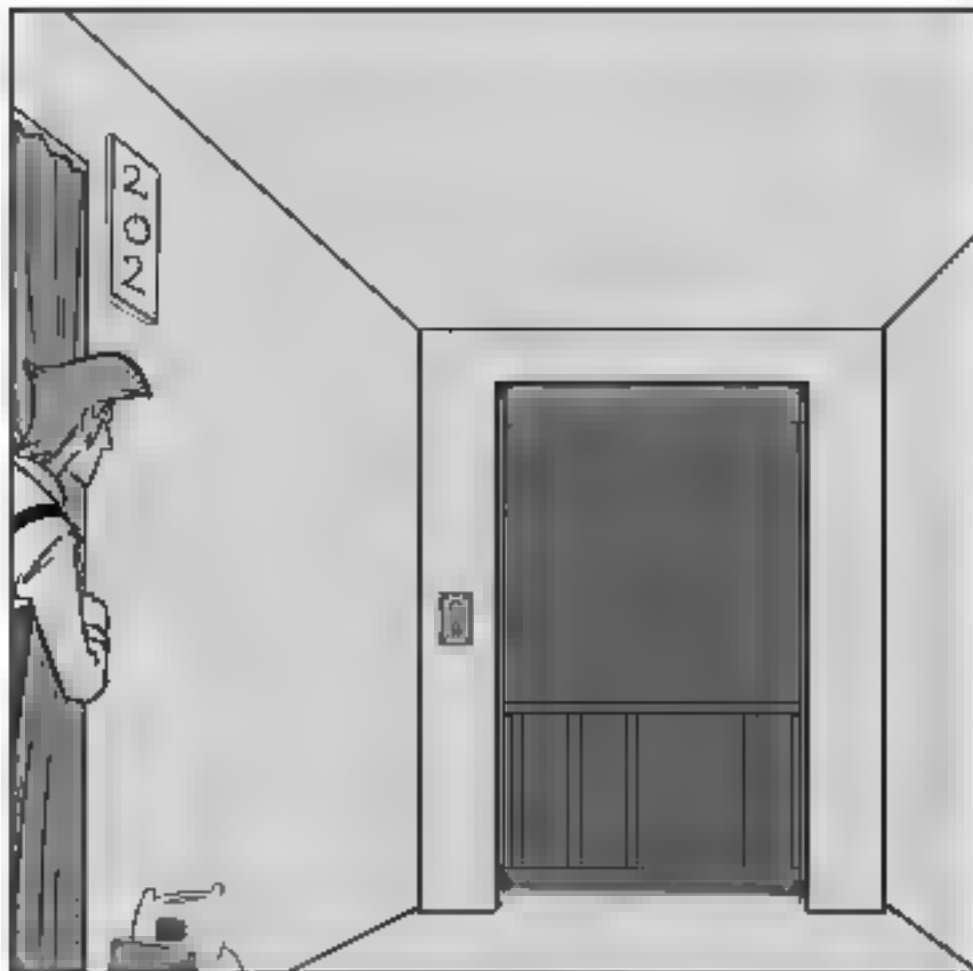


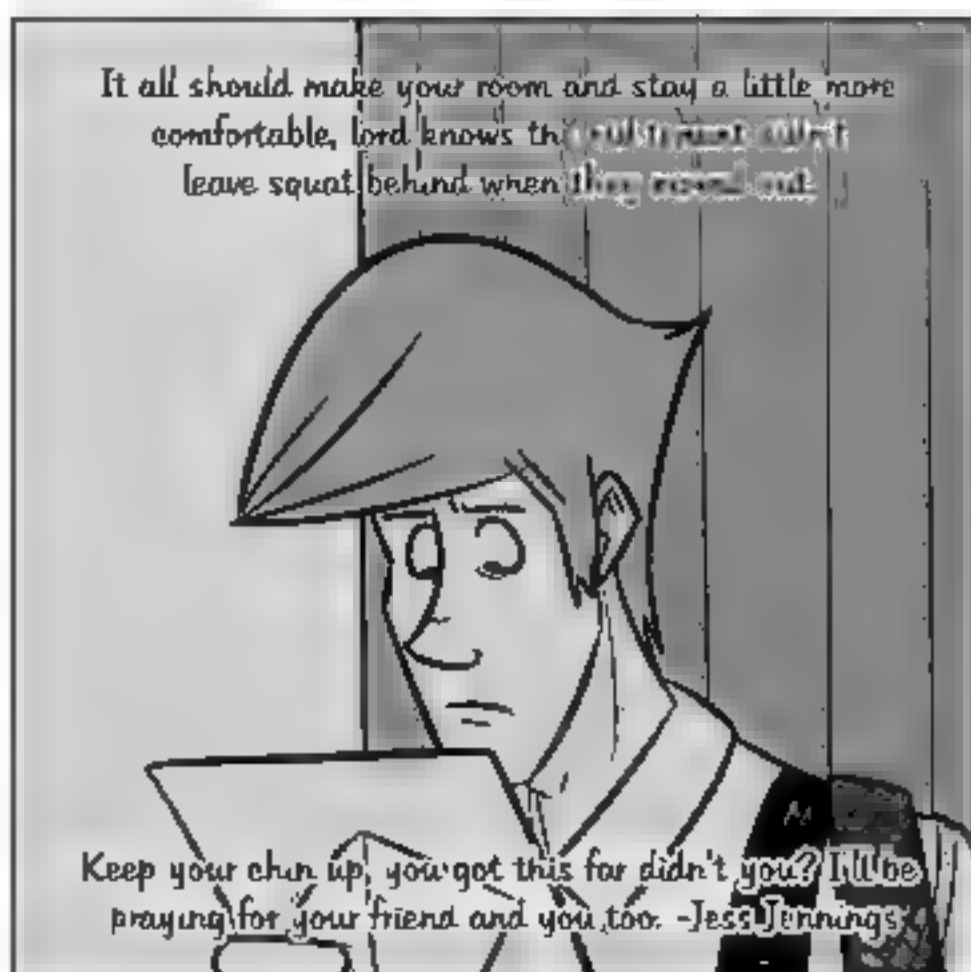
WHEN YOU'RE FEELIN' LESS ORNERY YOU SHOULD
COME 'ROUND WITH A THANK YOU *AND* APOLOGY!



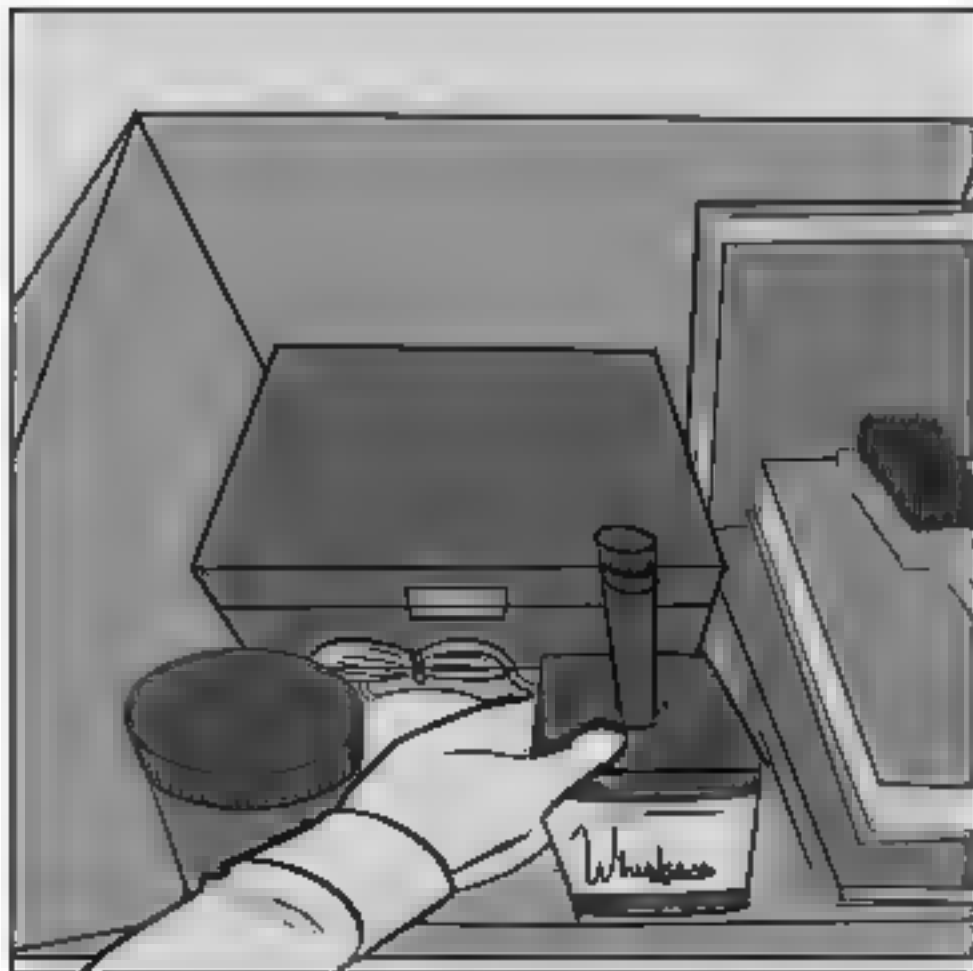
"REST OF THE
STUFF OUT
HERE"...?

















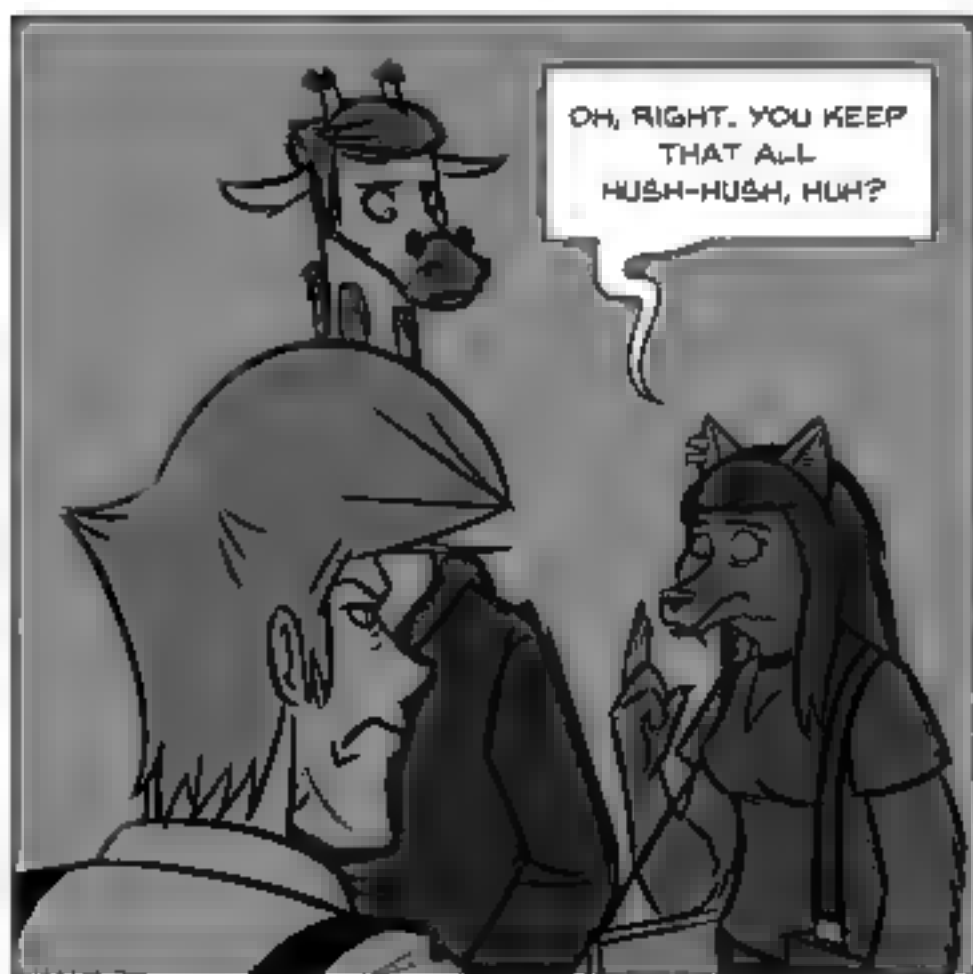






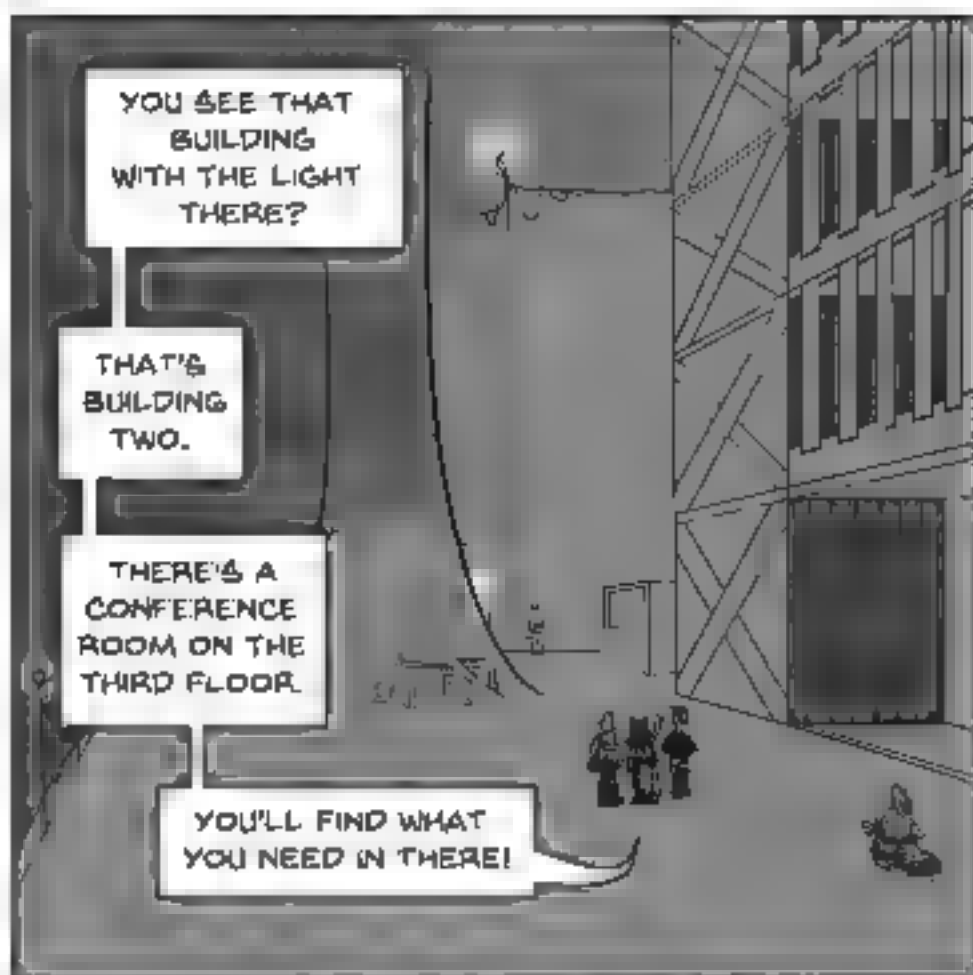


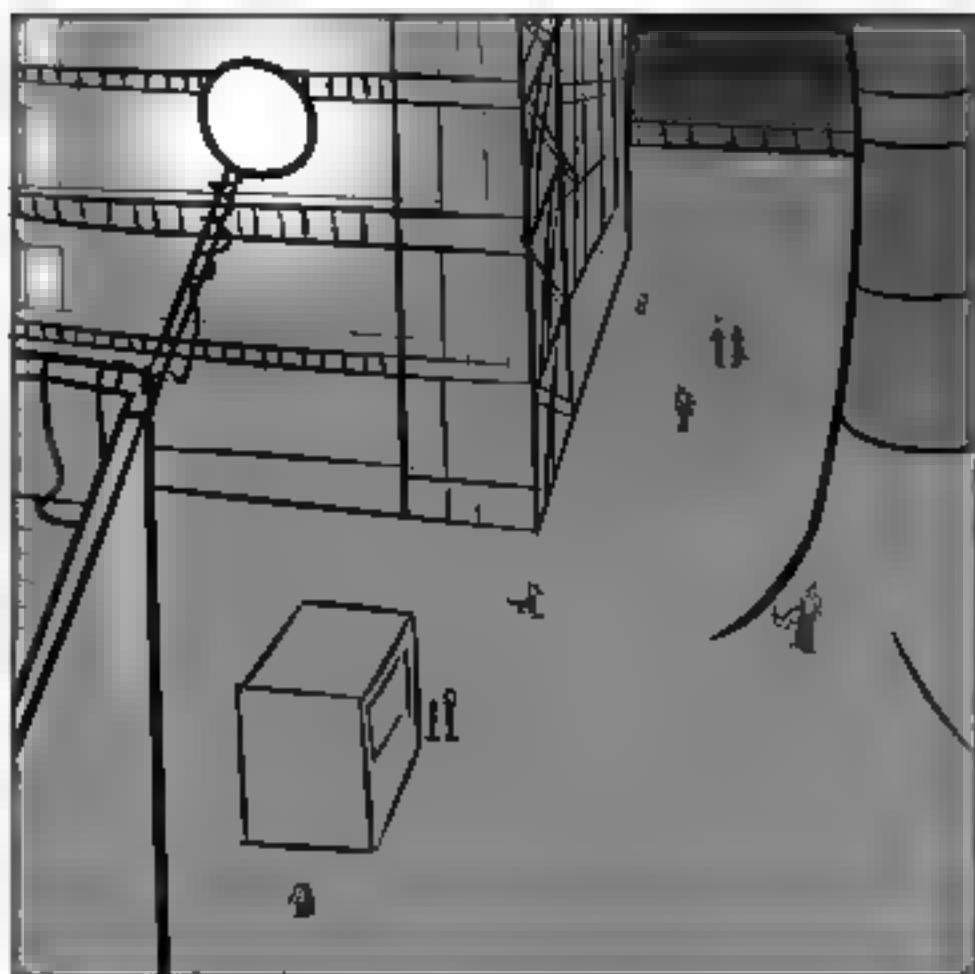


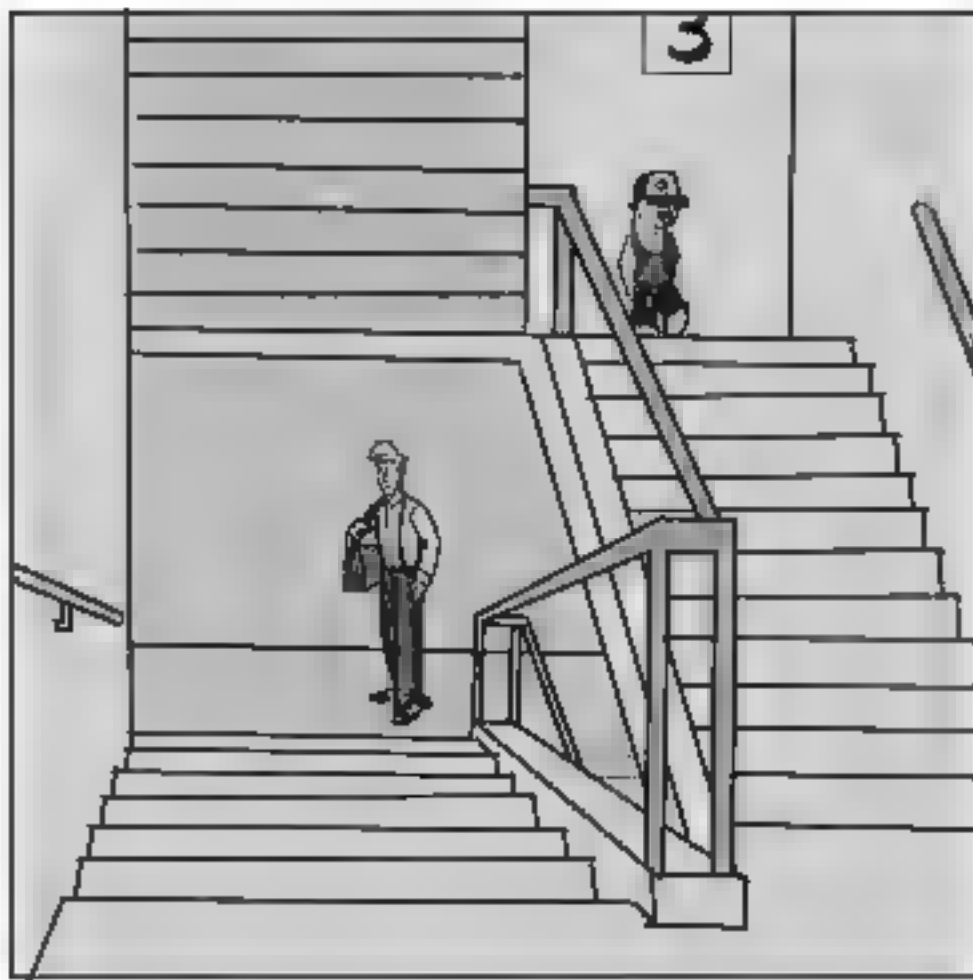




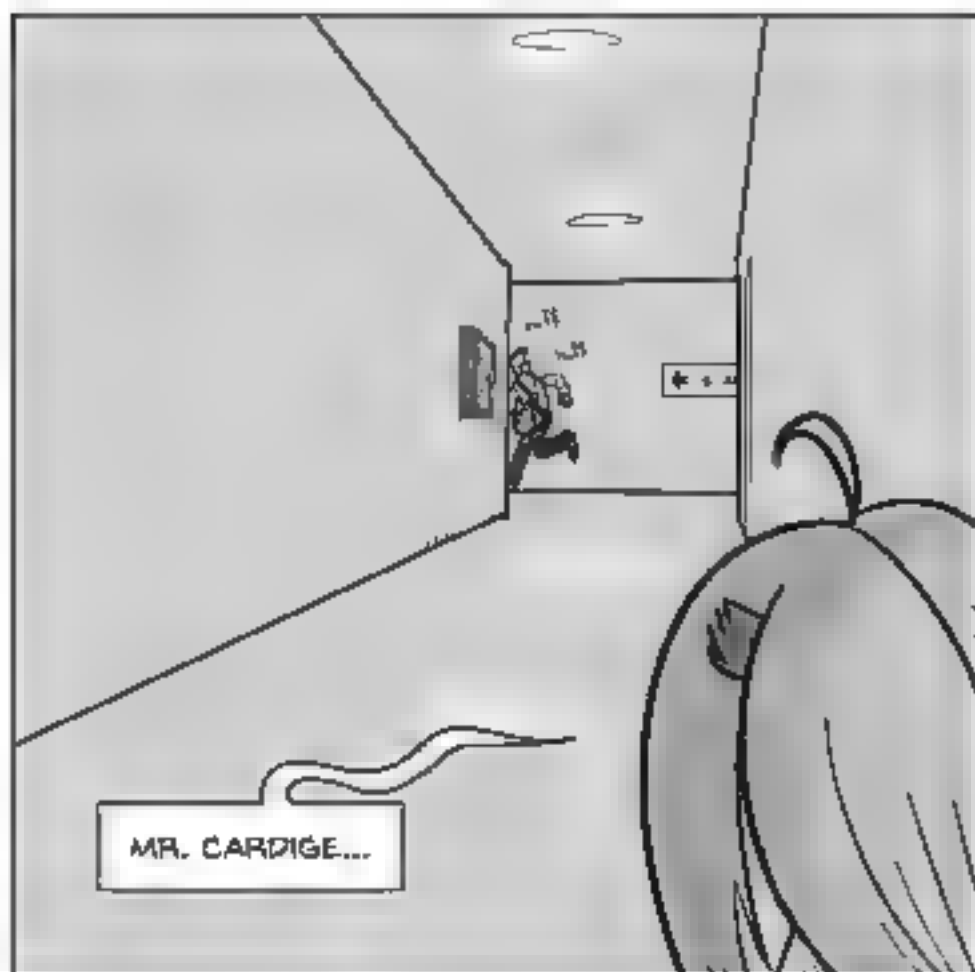




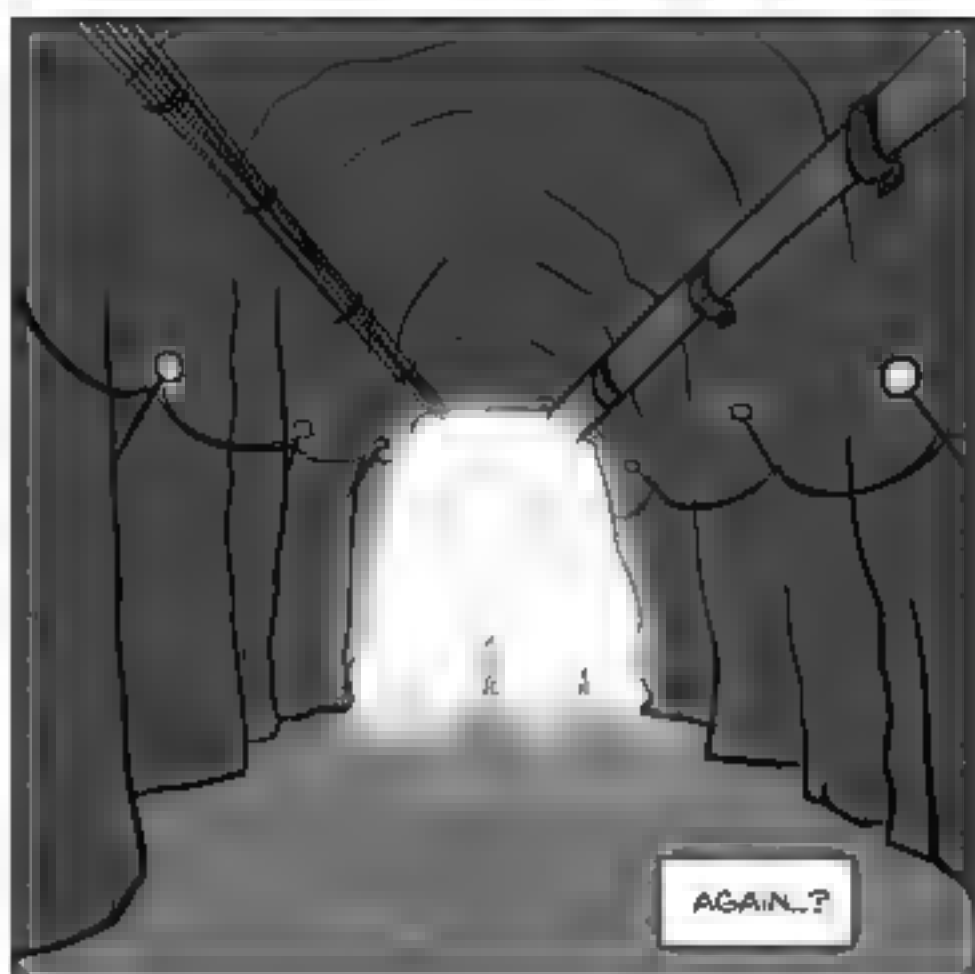


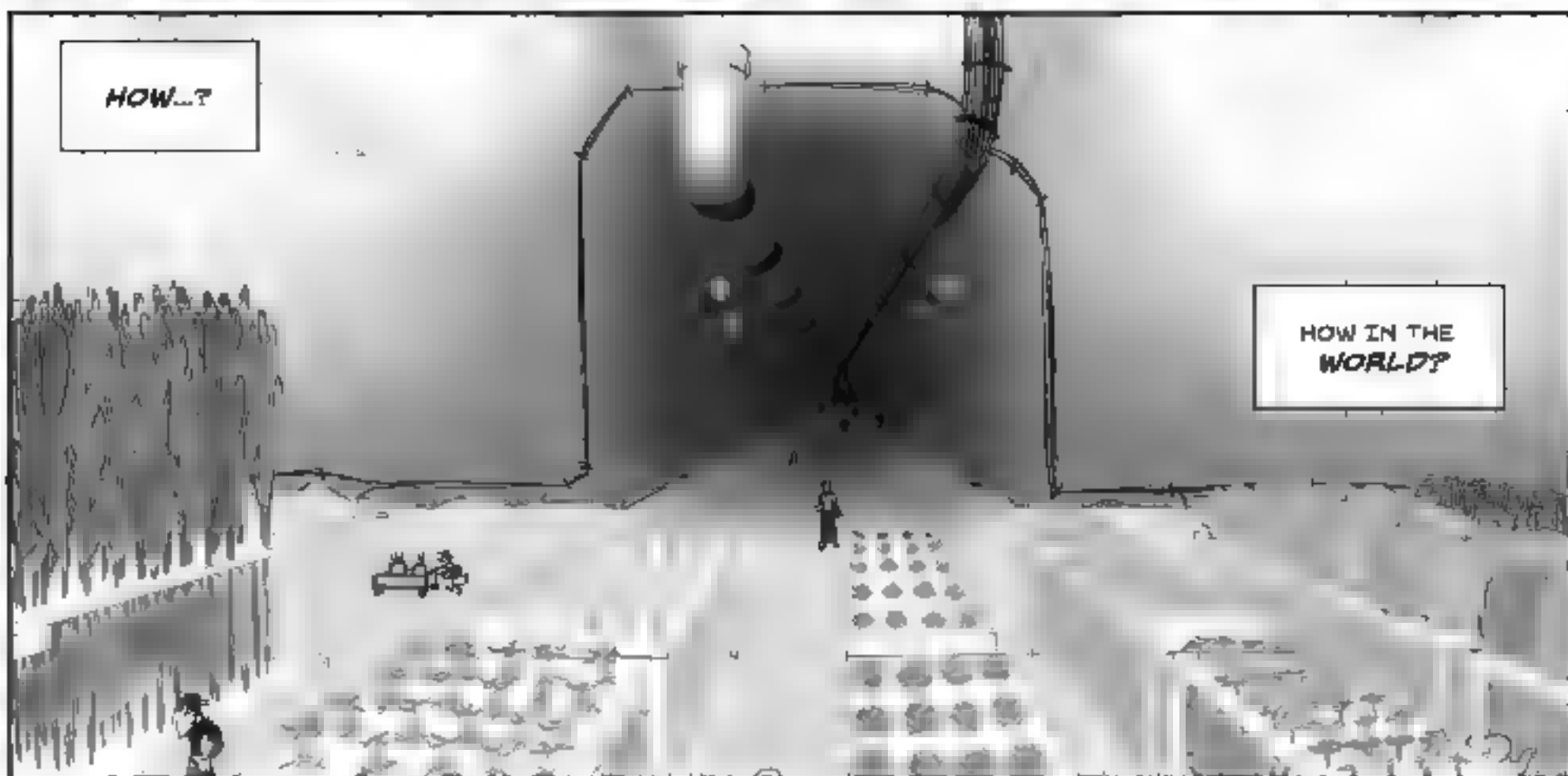
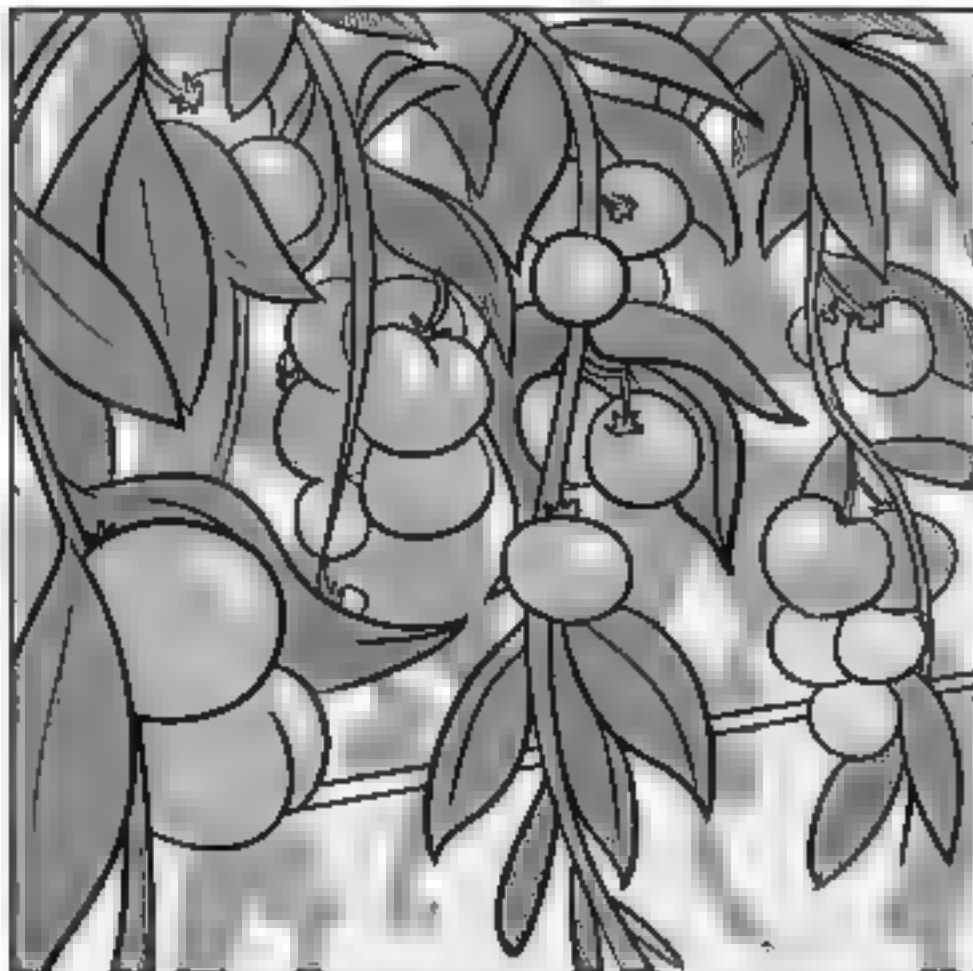


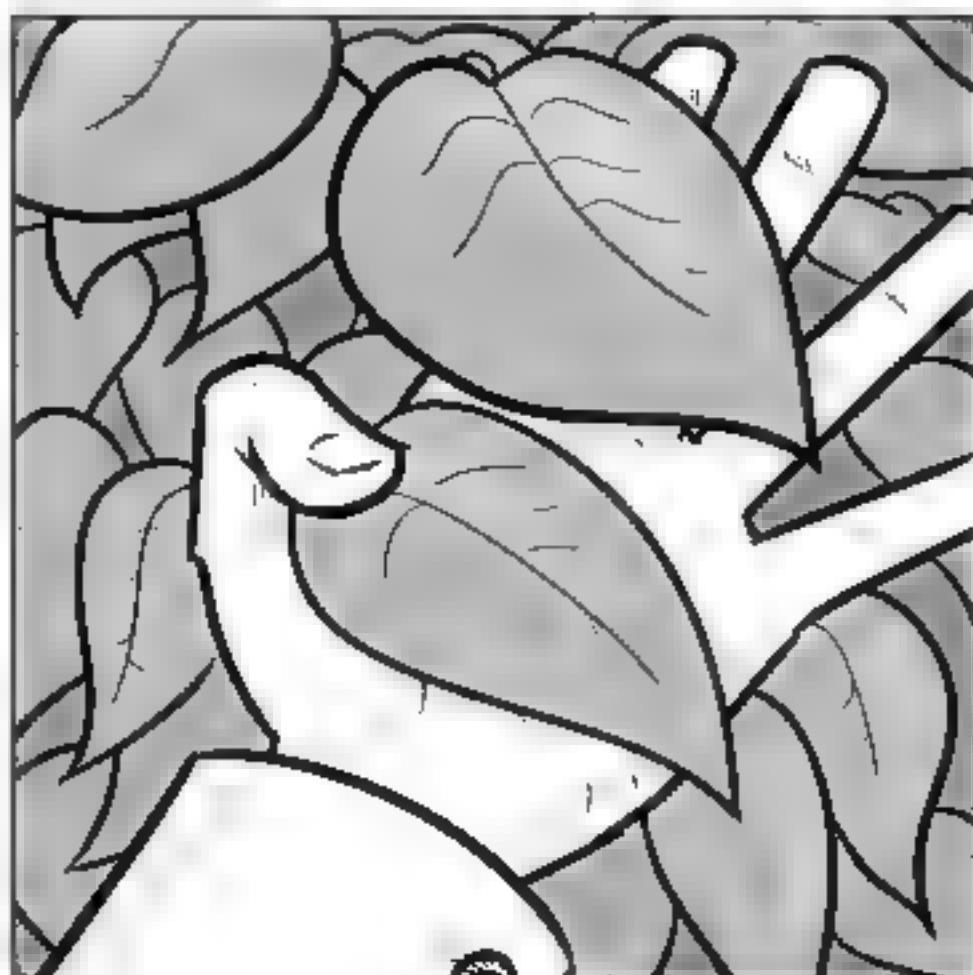
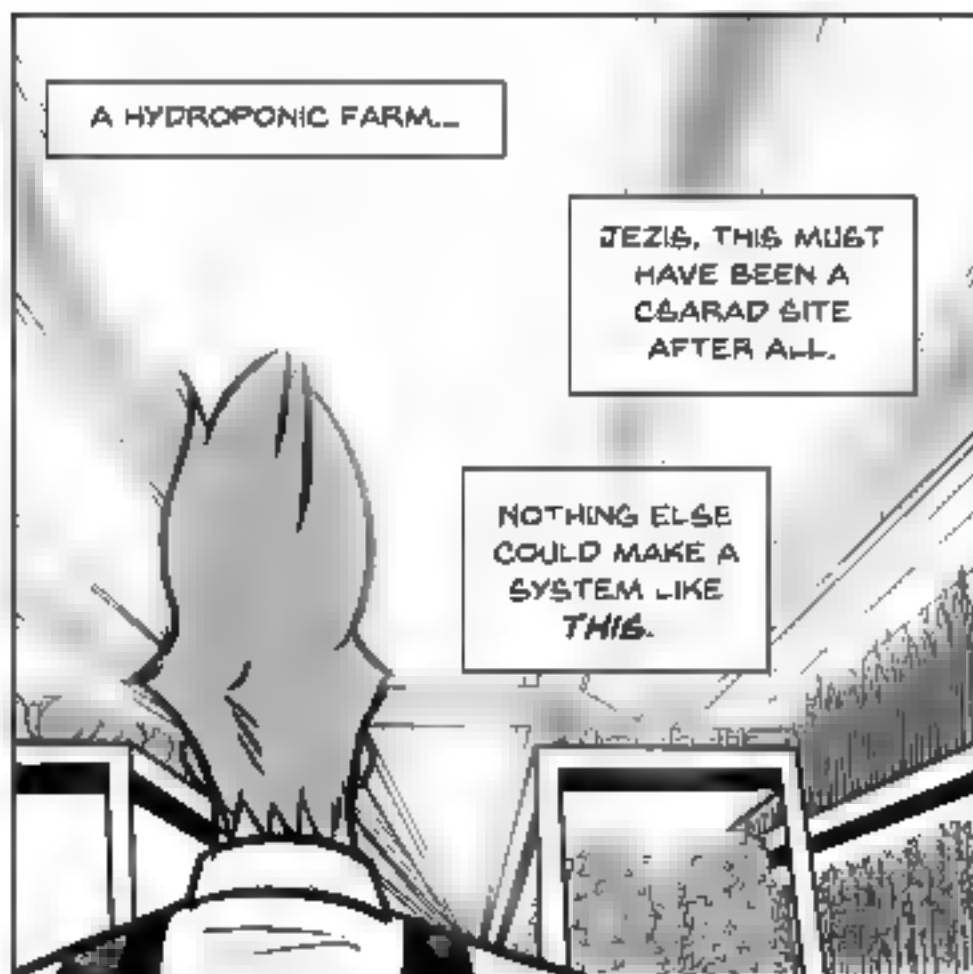


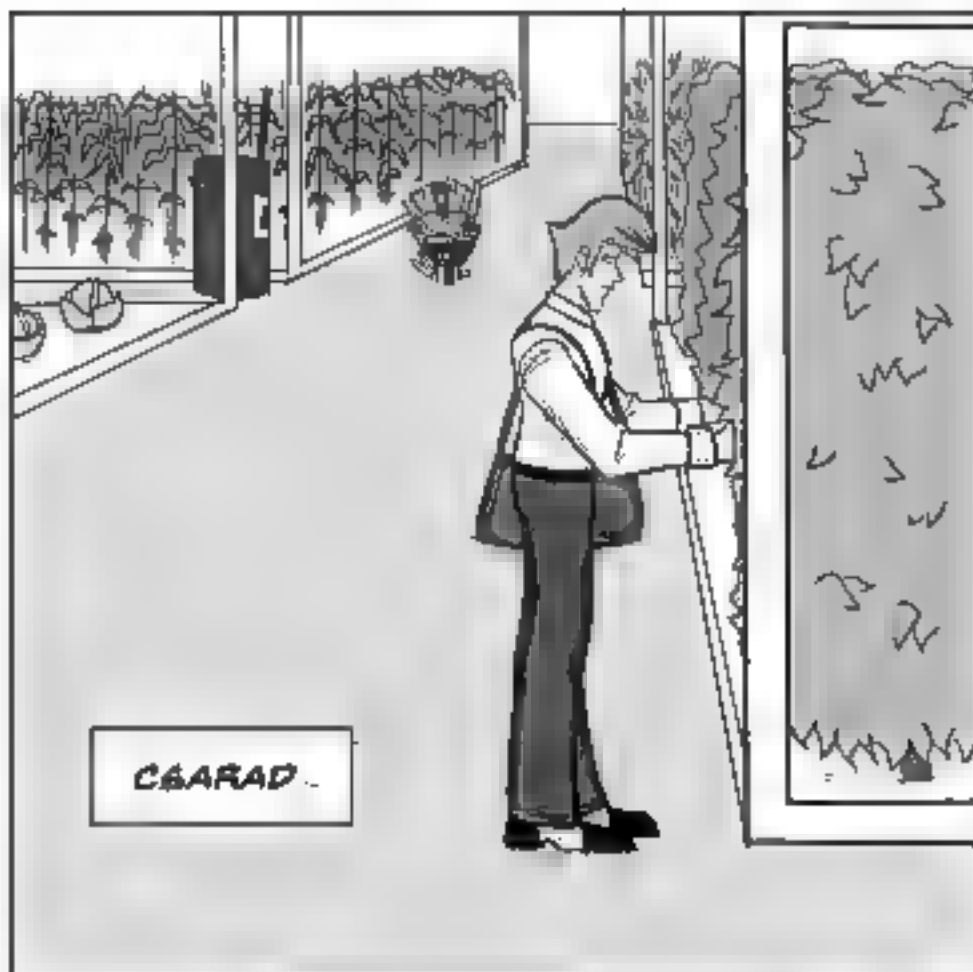












I HAVE TO GET
THE WORD OUT!



BUT NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A LIGHT!

IF ONLY I COULD
GET ONE TO LEAD
ME OUT OF HERE
INSTEAD...

BUT THEY COULD
TELL SOMEONE
AND I COULD BE-



THUMP!

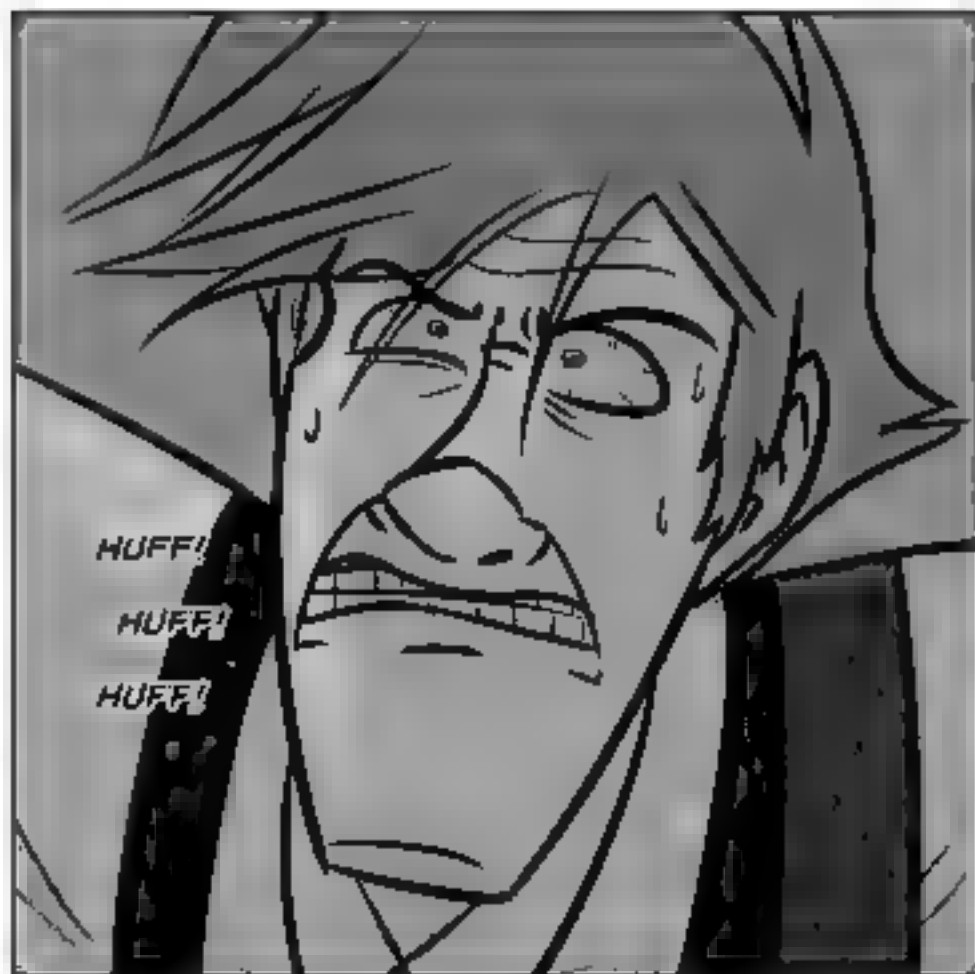


I'M A DAMN

IDIOT!!









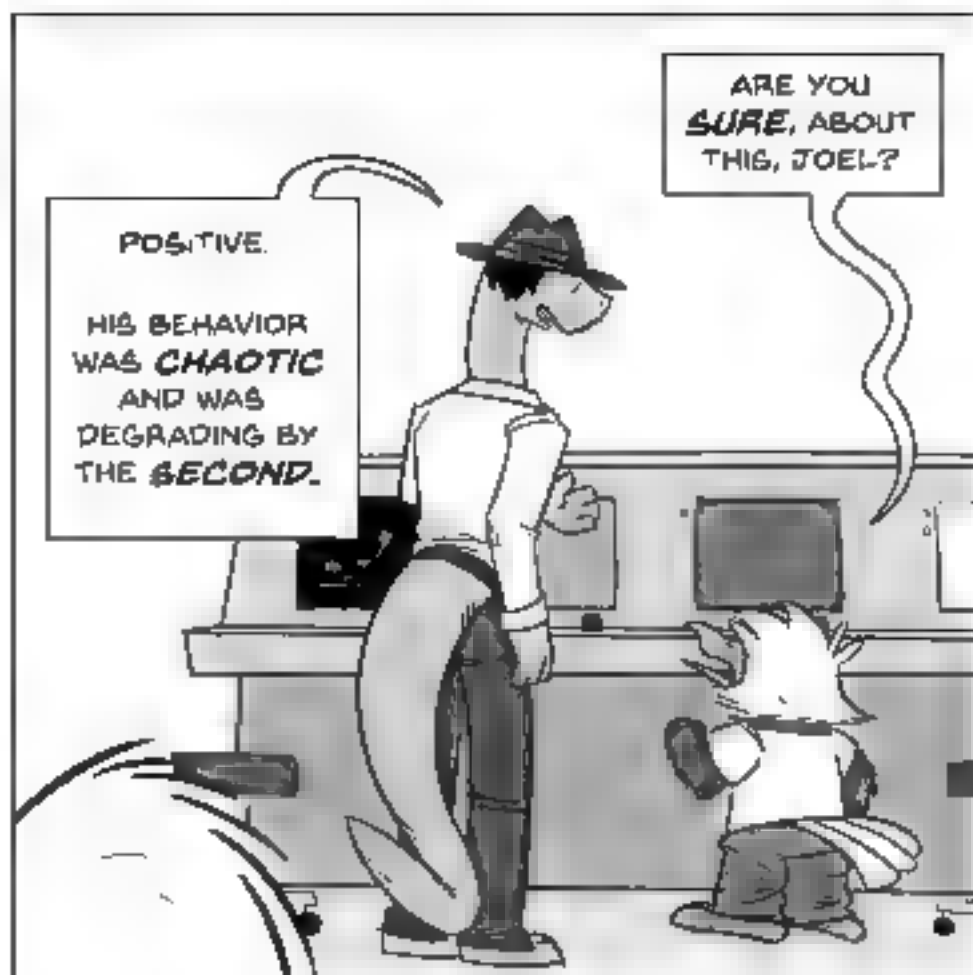
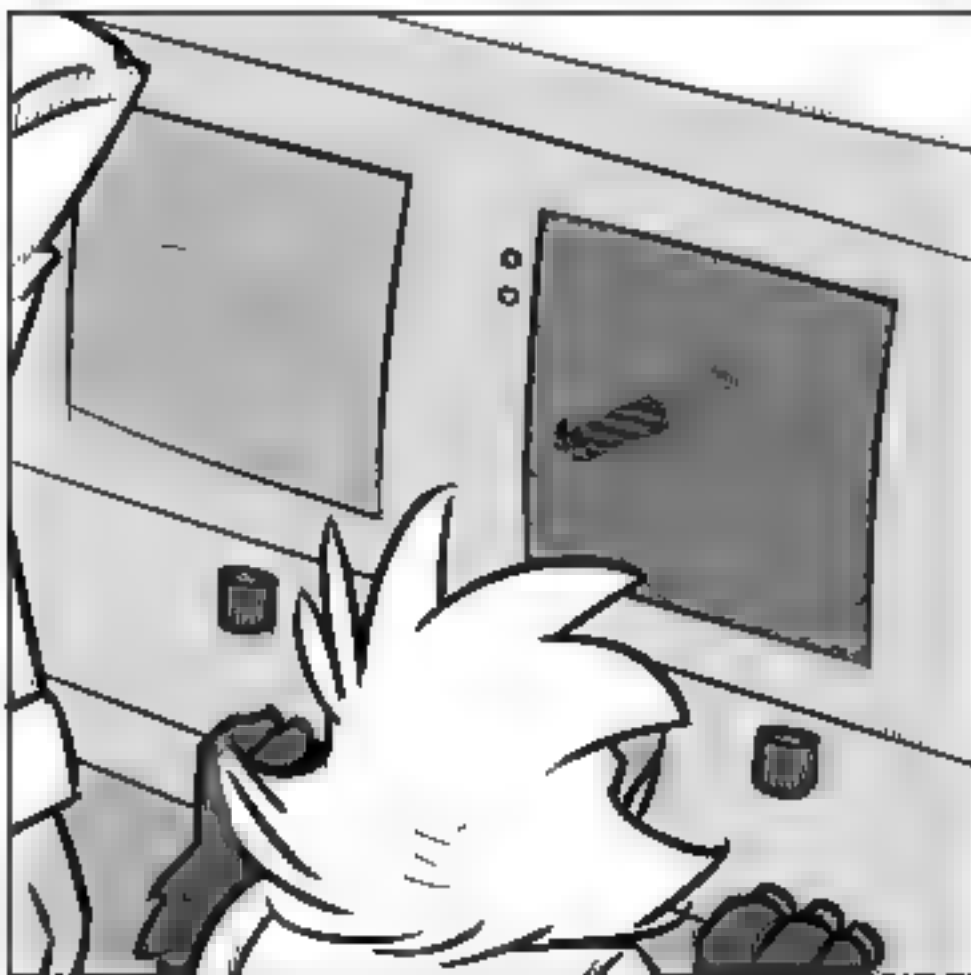
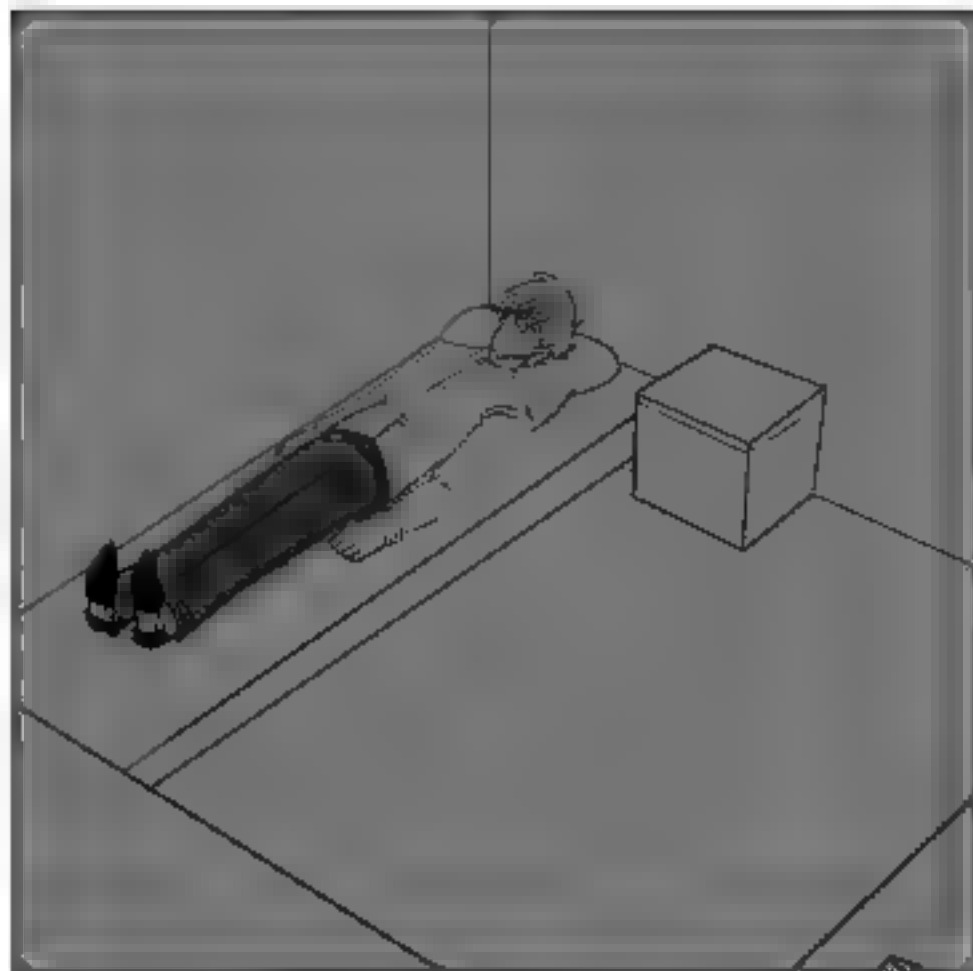
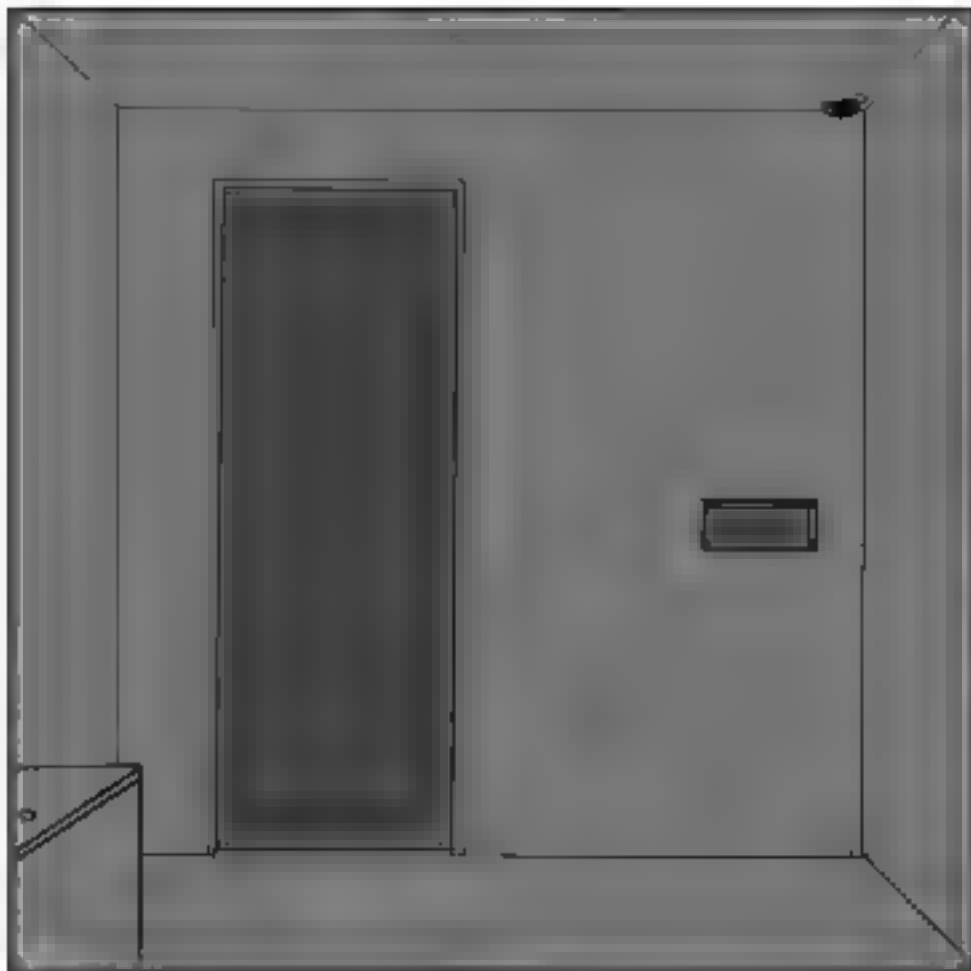










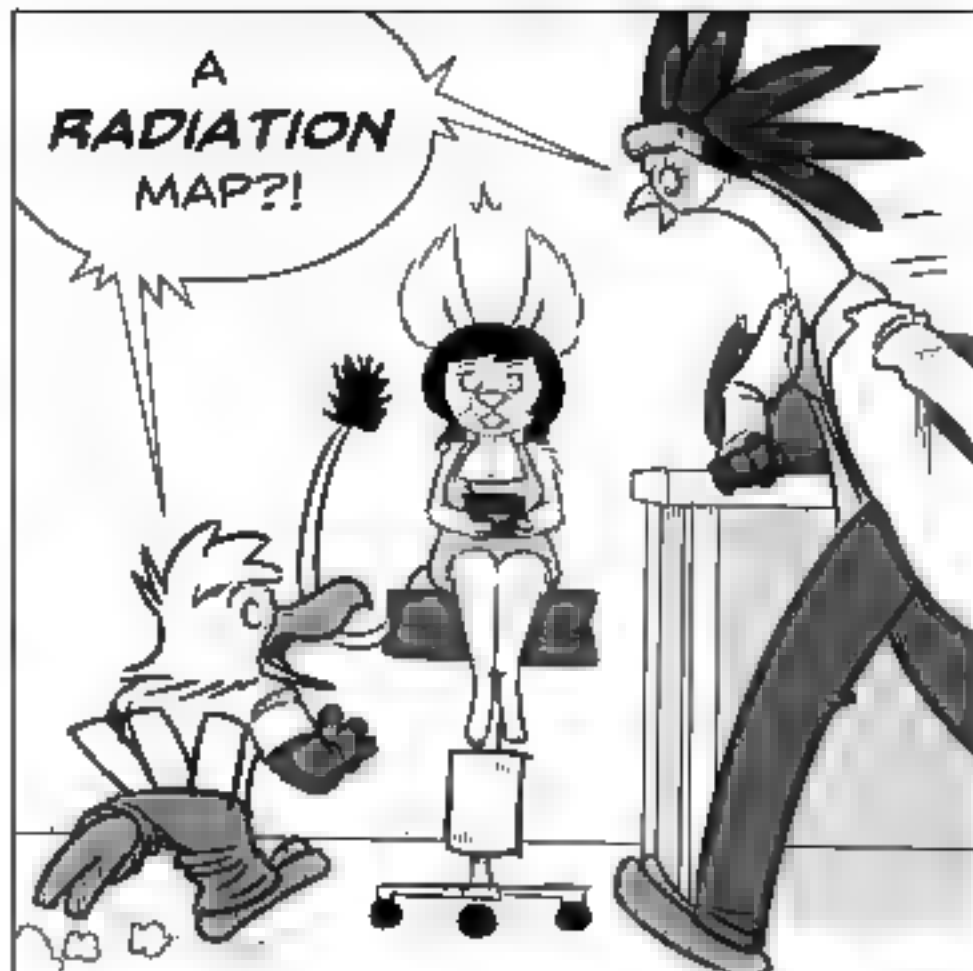




I GUESS THAT EXPLAINS HOW HE AND HIS
FRIEND MADE IT THROUGH THE DESERT-



A
**RADIATION
MAP?!**



OH MY
GOD, IT
REALLY IS!

LOOK AT
THAT
ACCURACY!



PRETTY COOL, HUH?
SURE BEATS USING ZERO
BUTTONS ON SANDCRAWLERS
TO FIND THE HOTSPOTS.

HMM



THE TECHNOLOGY NEEDED TO MAKE A
ACCURATE MAP IS **VERY** HARD TO FIND...

YOU'D NEED
ACCESS TO A
SATELLITE
CONNECTION,
AT LEAST.

HOW MANY COLONIES BOAST **THAT**?

IT'S NOT **IMPOSSIBLE**,
DR. DURFEE HACKED IN
ACCESS TO CRUISE CORP'S
SATELLITE LAST YEAR.

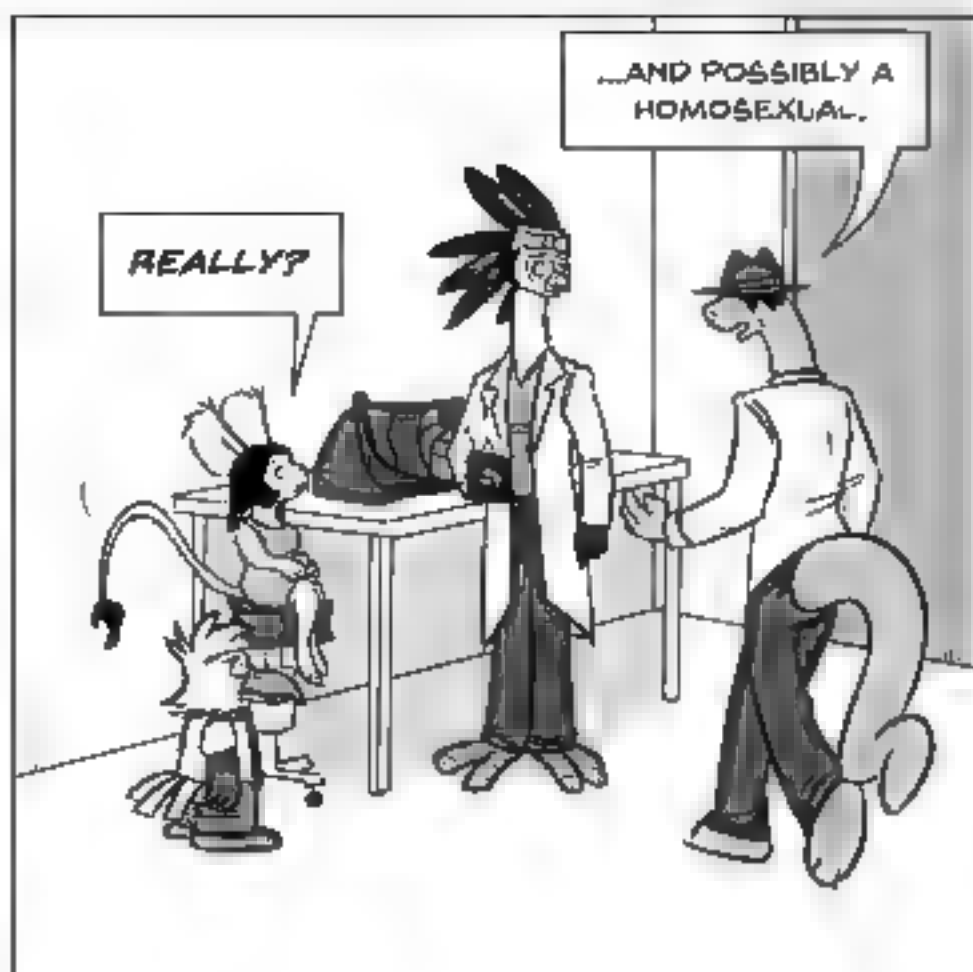
SO OUR TYPHOID MARY HAS A CONNECTION TO
SOMEONE WITH SOME PRETTY HIGH TECH.

OR HE
STOLE IT

EITHER WAY HE'S **NOT** SOME CLUELESS
WANDERER FROM THE WASTES.

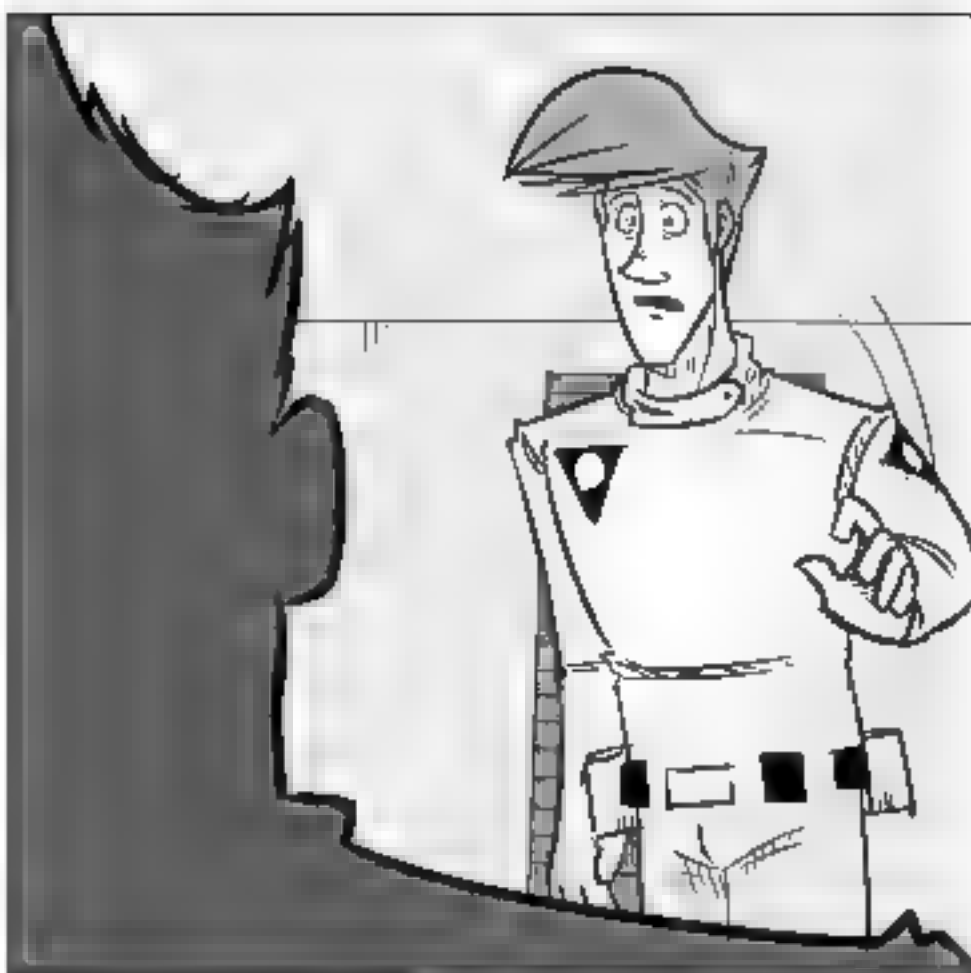
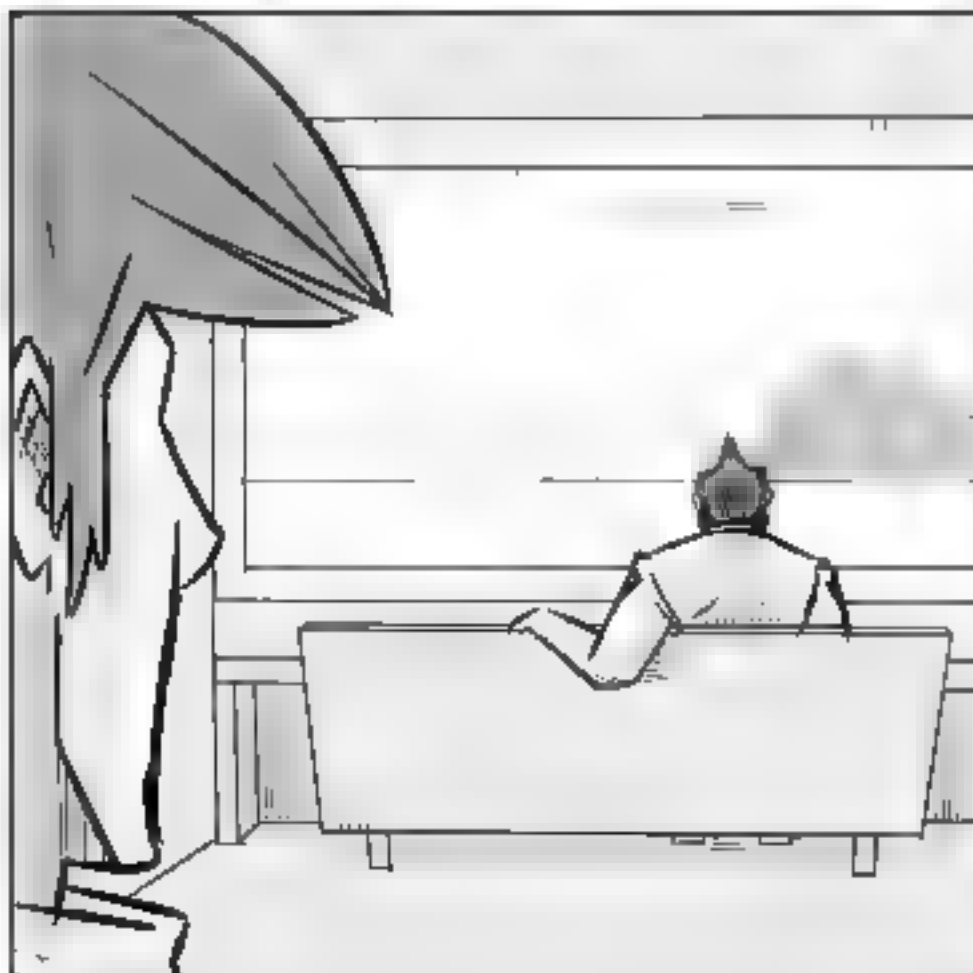
SIGH!

HE'S A WANDERER WITH A ZERO GUN, A HIGH
TECH MAPPING DEVICE WITH SATELLITE ACCESS,
AND A SEVERE CASE OF AMESWORTH SICKNESS.

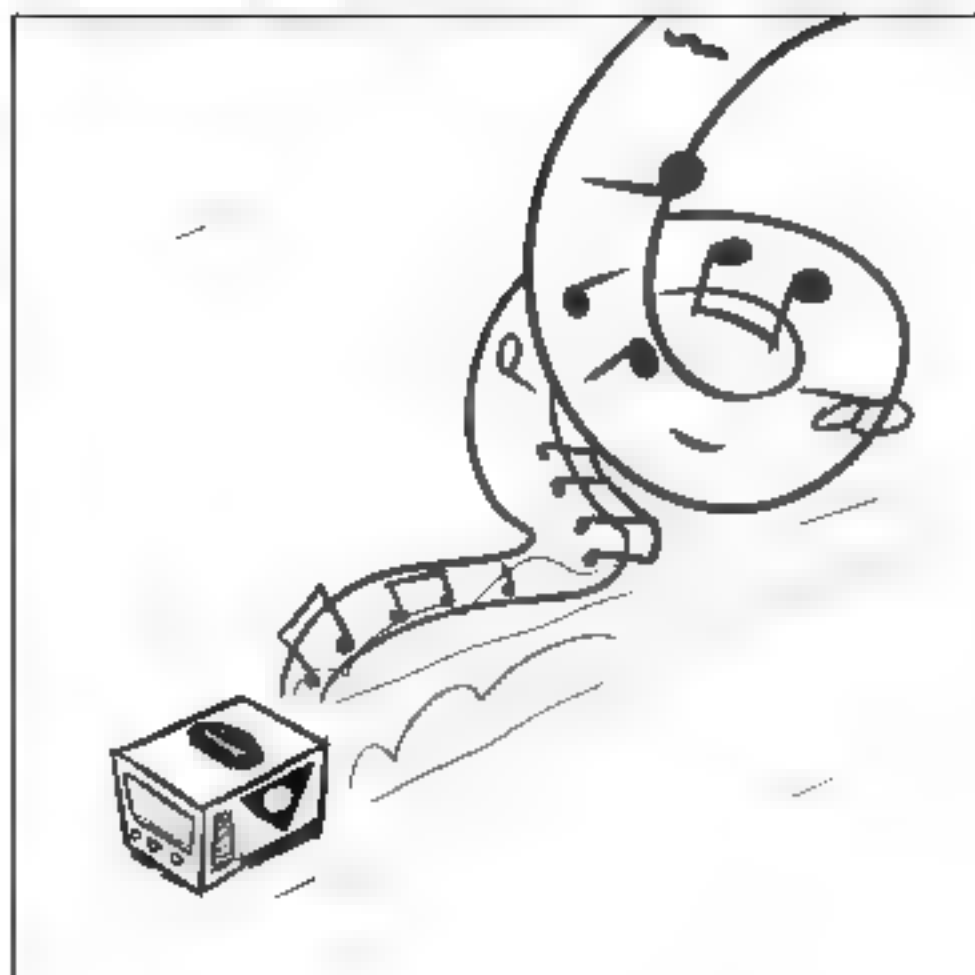
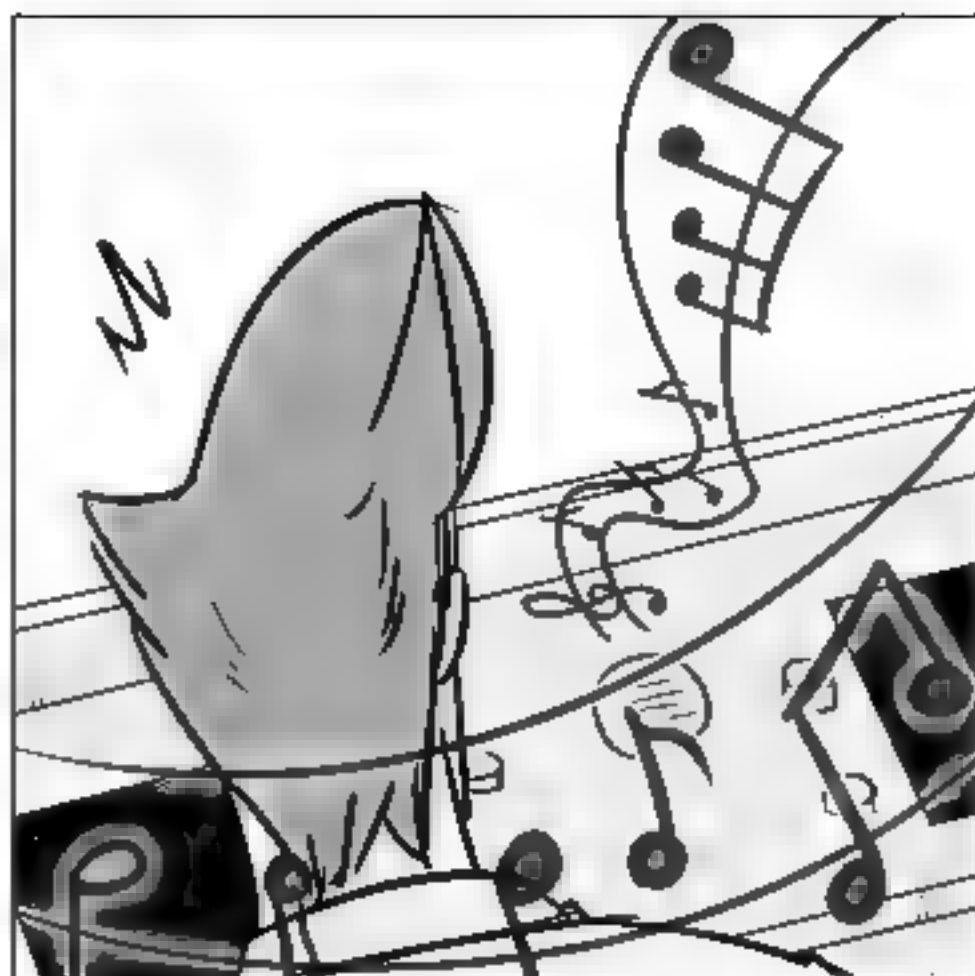


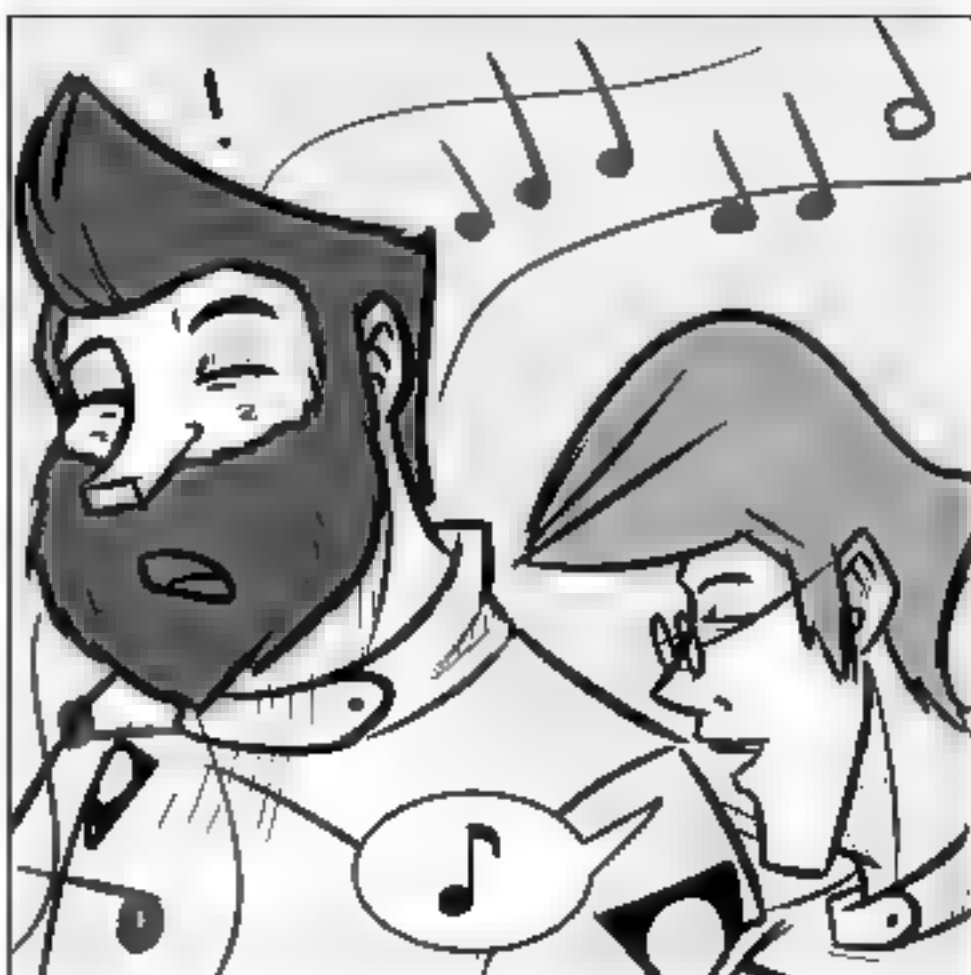
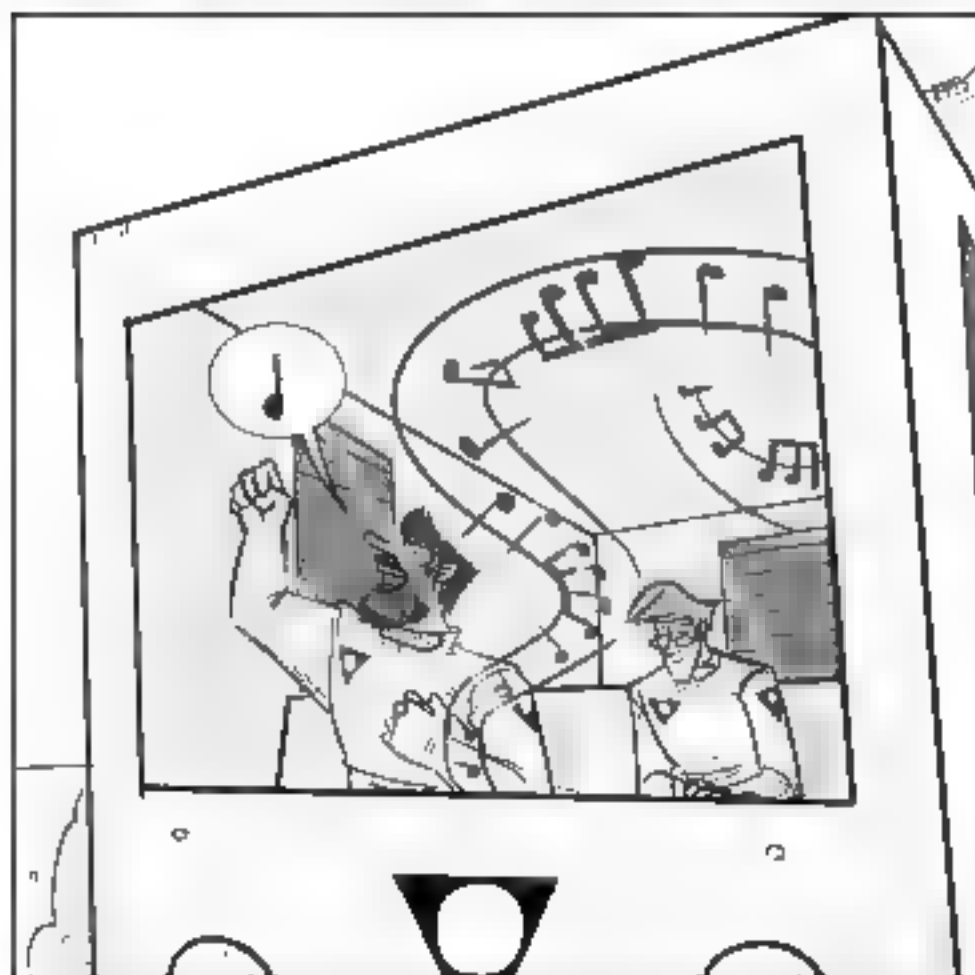
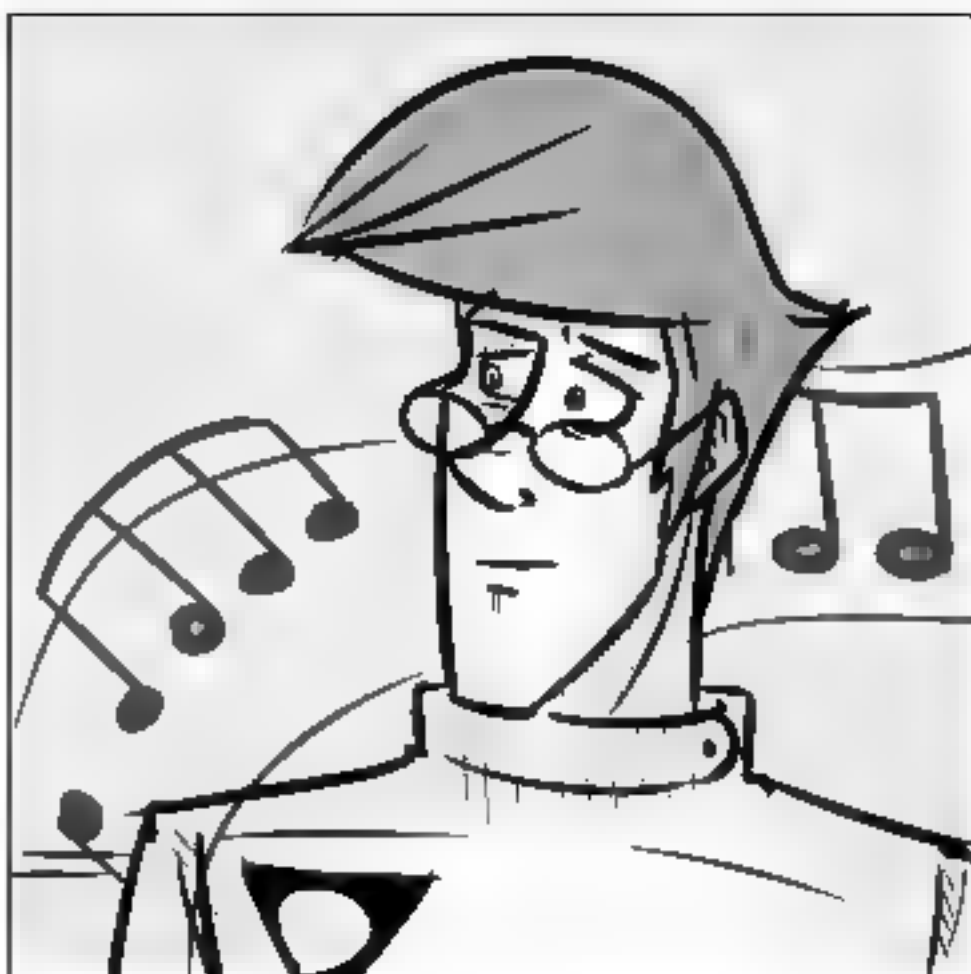


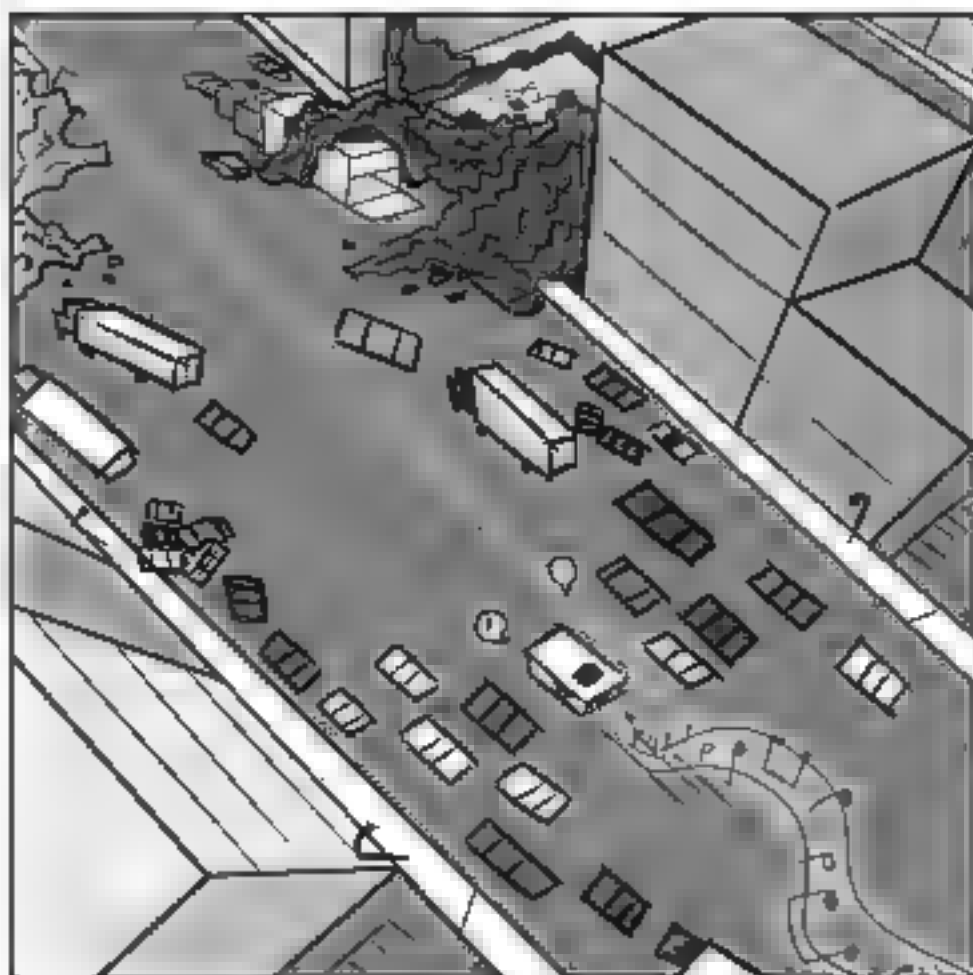
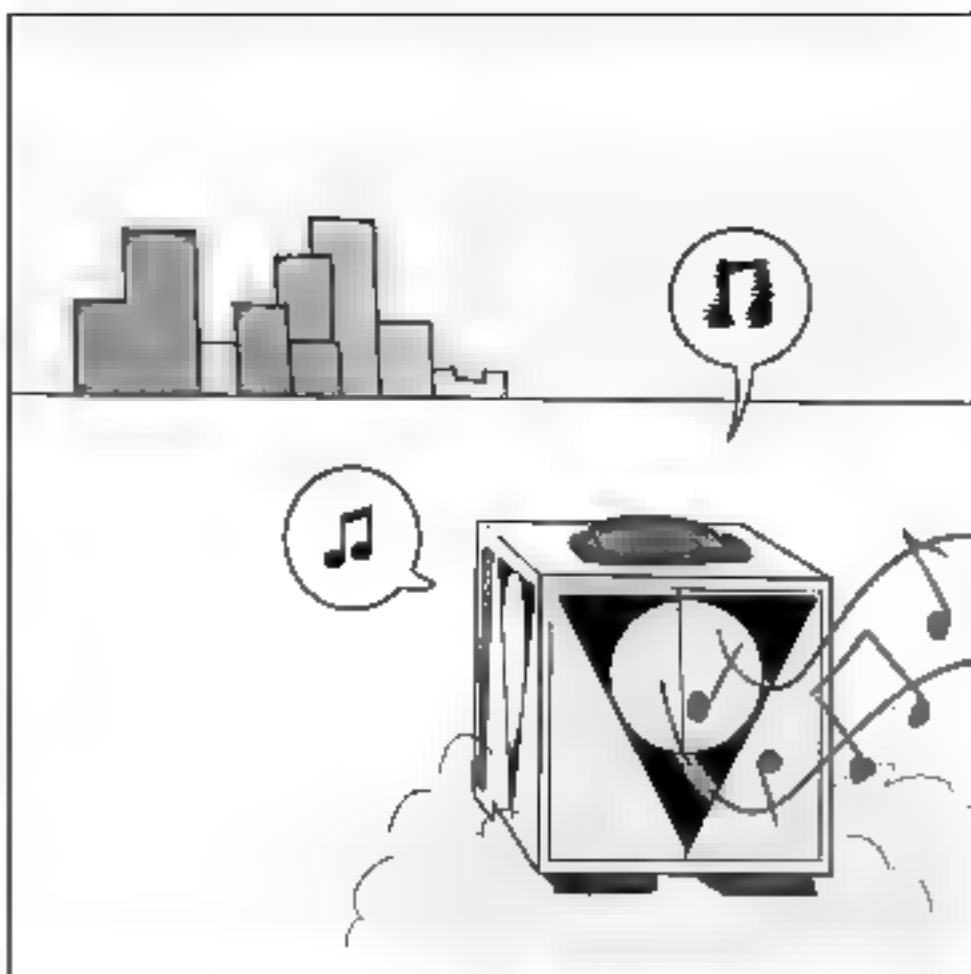
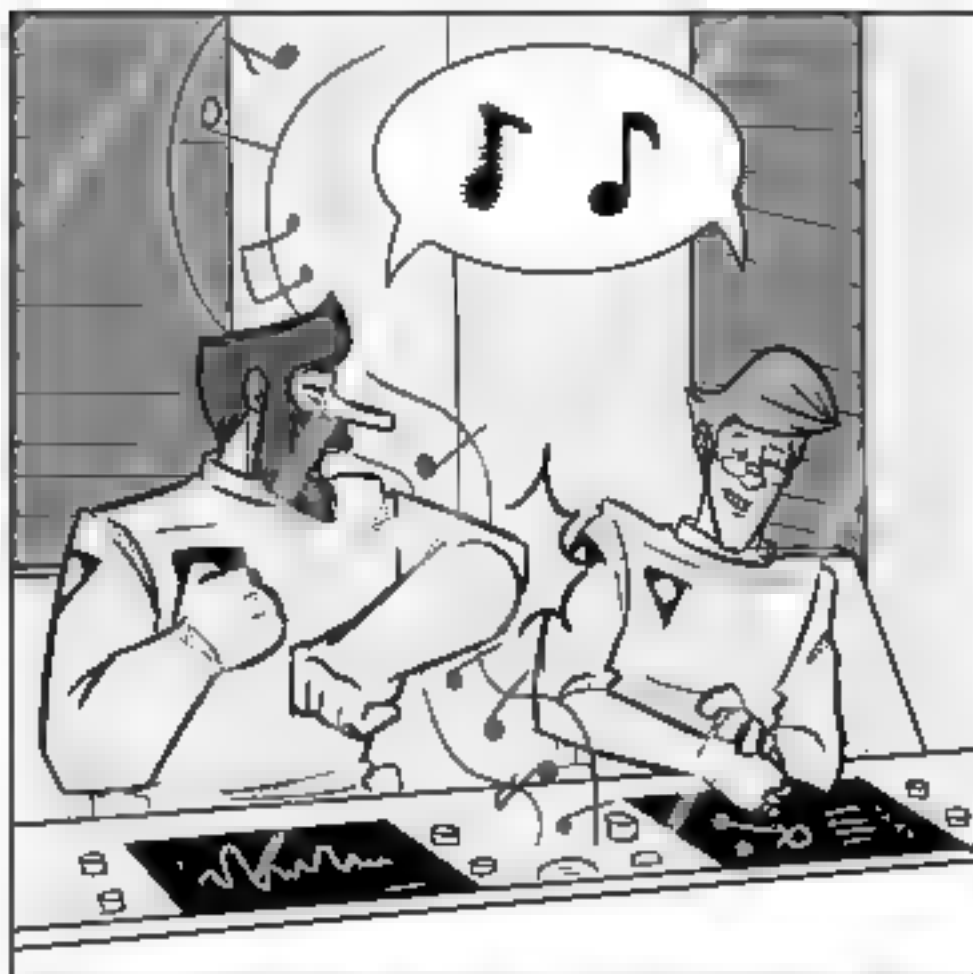


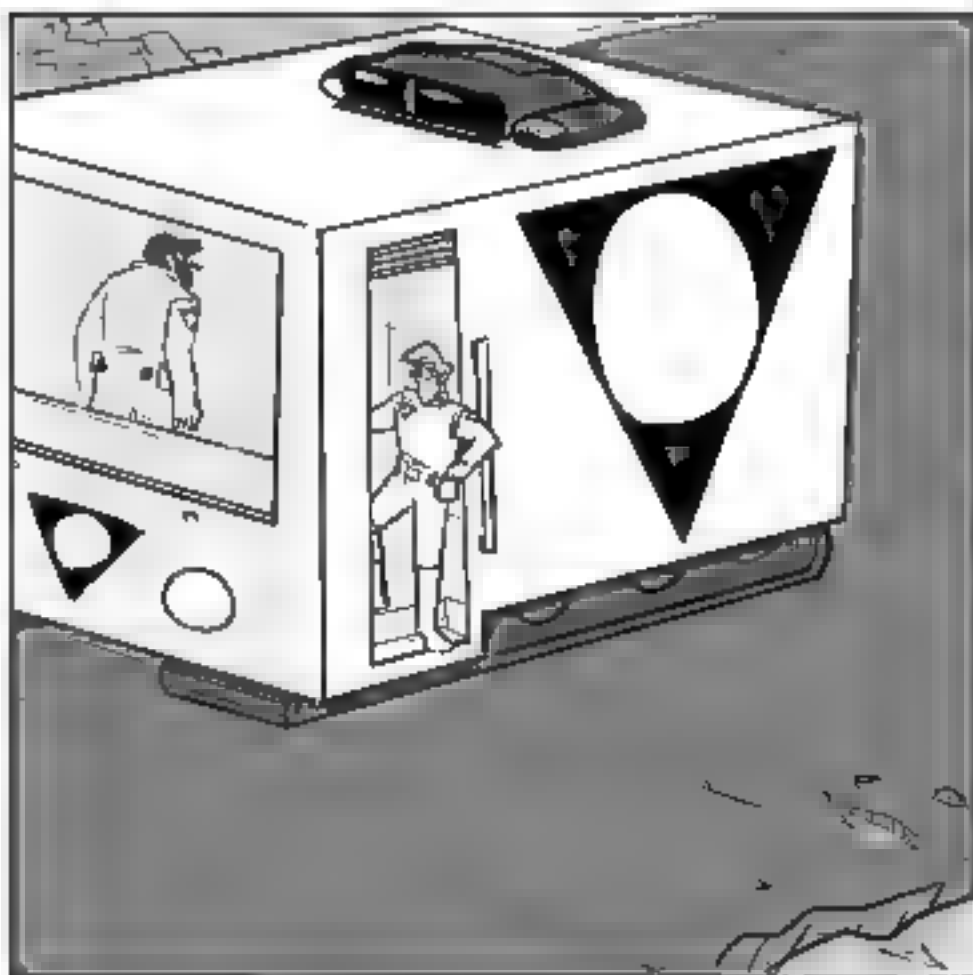
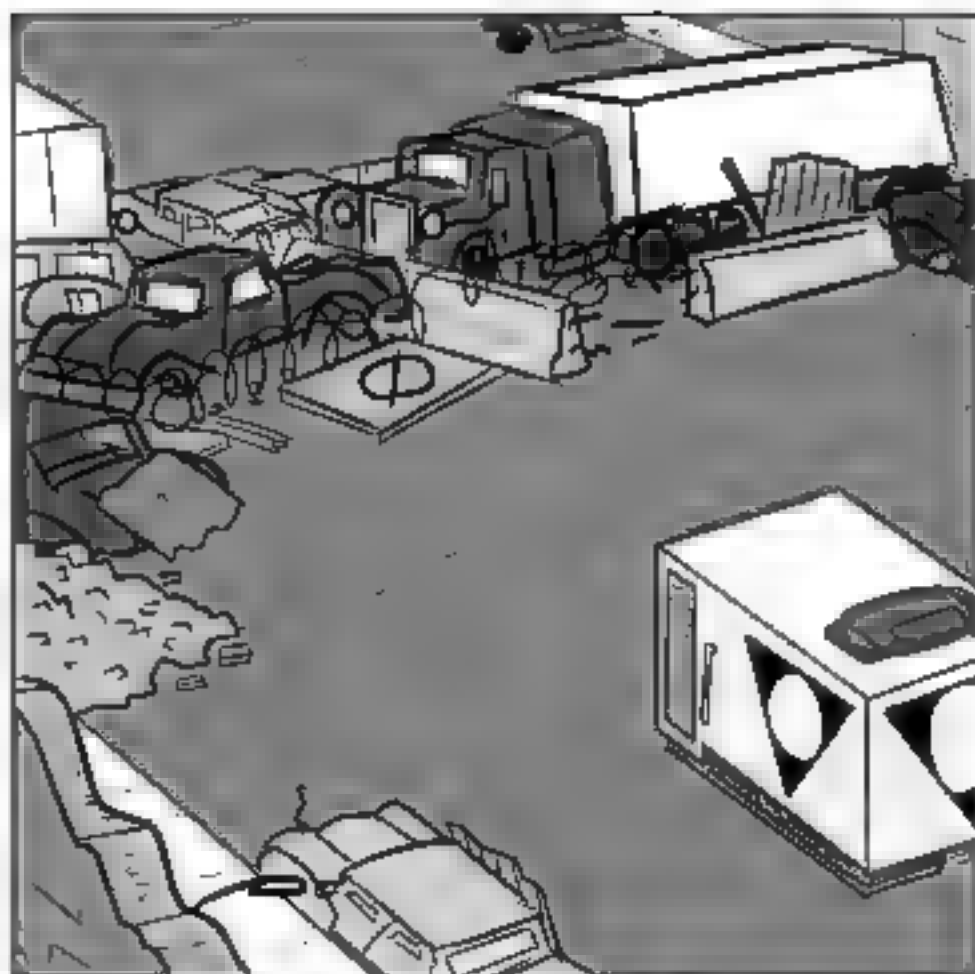




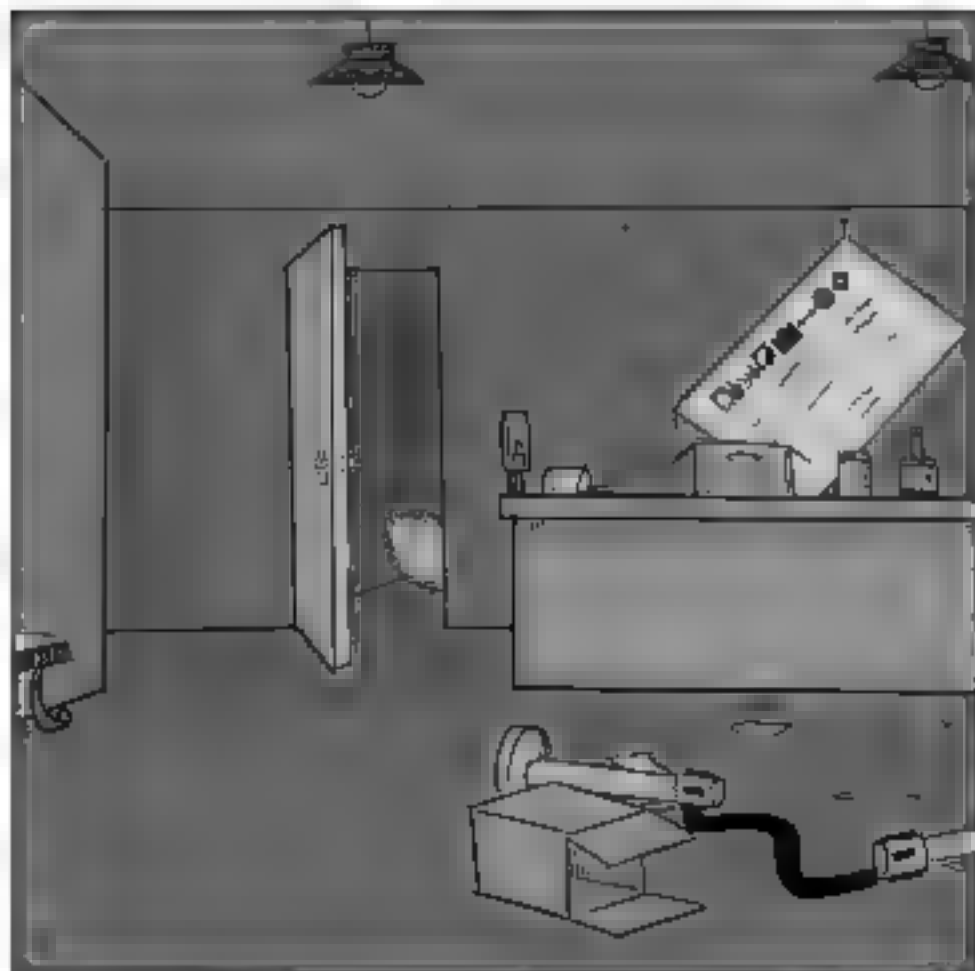


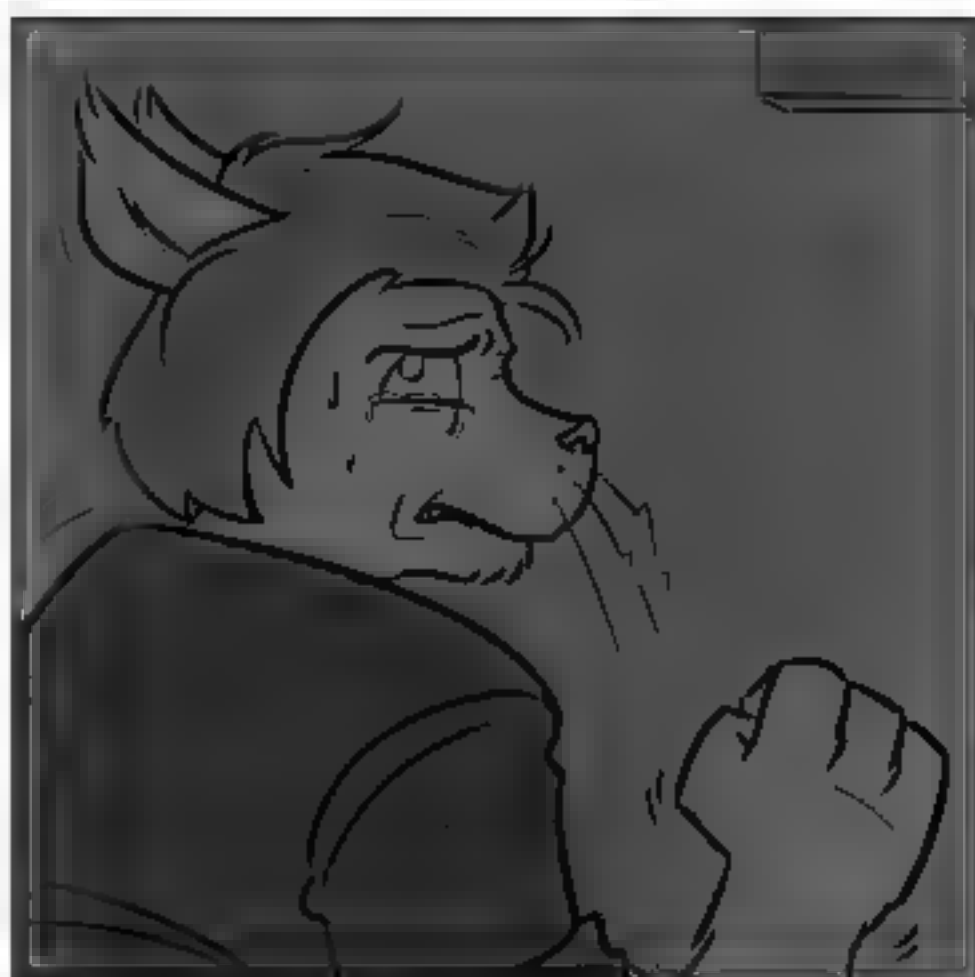




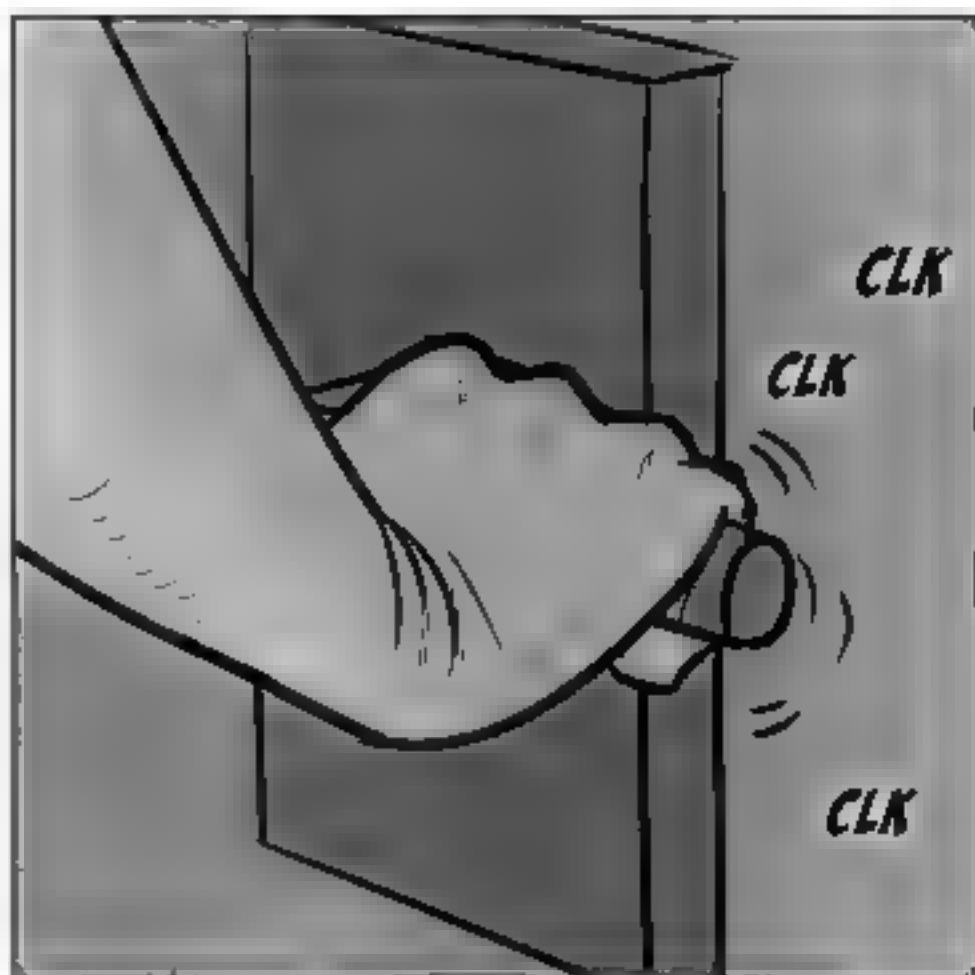
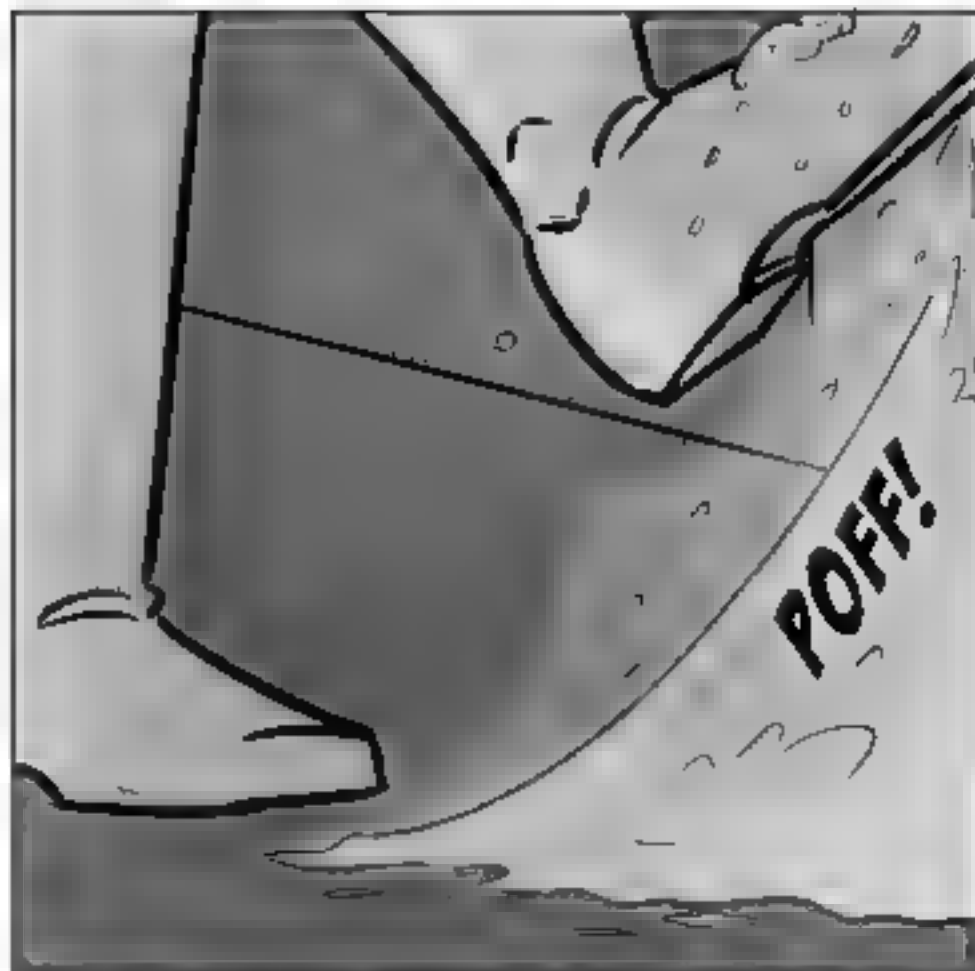


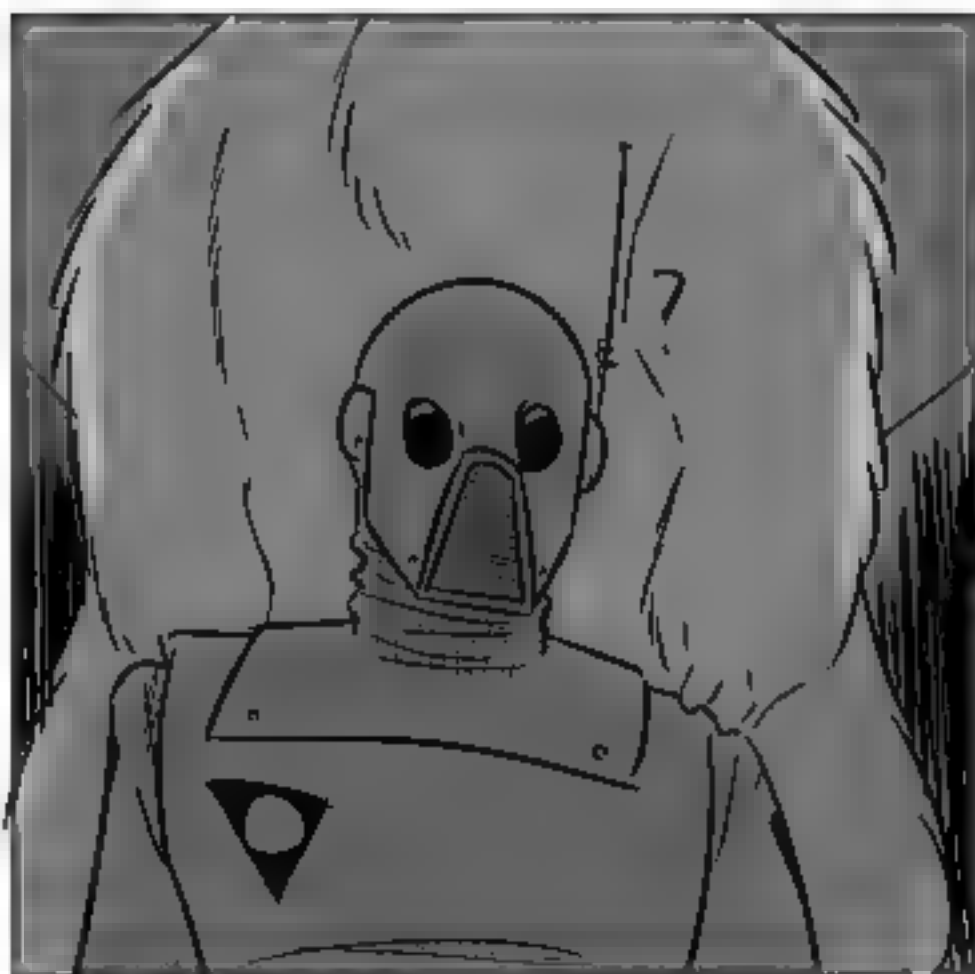










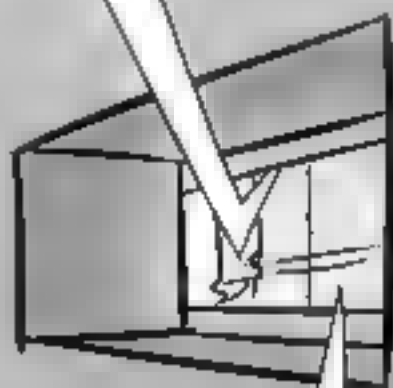








THAT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE
THE NIGHTMARE, MR.
CARDIGE...



THAT WAS LOUD ENOUGH TO
DISTURB SOME OF YOUR
NEIGHBORS HERE.



WHO'RE YOU?
WHERE **AM** I?!

WHY DOES THIS ROOM
HAVE NO RUDDY
DOORKNOB-?!



HISSSSS!



@#%\$!

DON'T GET YOURSELF
TOO WORKED UP.

BETWEEN THAT ACUTE CASE OF AMESWORTH
SICKNESS AND THAT CONK TO YOUR FACE YOU
SHOULD BE DOING YOUR BEST TO **RELAX**...



YOU **CAN'T** DO THIS! I DON'T EVEN **WANT**
TO STAY IN THIS !@##% COLONY!



I WAS TRYING
TO **LEAVE!**

LEAVING WHEN YOU HAVE AT MOST
TWO DAYS WORTH OF FOOD AND
ONE DAY WORTH OF WATER?



I WONDER...



WHY ARE YOU SO DESPERATE
TO **LEAVE**, MR. CARDIGE?



AND WHY ARE YOU **TREMBLING?**

